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ROMANCE OF BIOGRAPHY,

Illustrated

IN THE

LIVES OF HISTORIC PERSONAGES.

EDITED BY

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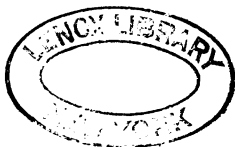
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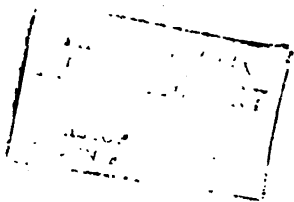


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Richard. THE LION HEARTED.



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P R E F A C E .

THIS volume is intended (should the undertaking meet with the approbation of the public) as the first of a series, to be prepared by different gentlemen, and designed more particularly for the instruction and improvement of the young.

In its preparation, the following works have been consulted: Hume's History of England; Lingard's; Knight's Pictorial History; Aytoun's Life and Times of Richard the First; the old romance, the Gestes of Richard Cœur de Lion; and the German History of the Assassins, by Von Hammer. The object of the author has been to make his work as personally biographical as possible, and to avoid the details of general history, except when they directly illustrated the life and character of Richard. The reader will find the adventures of the Lion-Hearted King sufficiently wondrous, though authentically recorded, to justify their being chronicled in a series of "Romantic Biographies."

The Lion-Hearted King.

CHAPTER I.

NO braver man ever sat upon a throne than Richard the First of England, as the history of his adventurous life we are about to relate will show. He was called *Cœur de Lion*, the Lion-hearted King, in consequence of his great spirit and courage. He was a man well suited to the times in which he lived, when war was the occupation of mankind, and personal courage was thought the highest virtue.

Richard was born seven hundred years ago. He was the third son of Henry the Second, one of England's greatest kings. His father had eight children by Queen Eleanor: William, who died while an infant; Henry; Richard, the subject of our history; Geoffrey; John, afterwards king; and three daughters. Henry the Second, though a great monarch, and in many respects a good man, was a bad husband, and formed an improper alliance with Rosamond de Clifford, by whom he had also several children. This was the "fair Rosamond," of whom the

romantic story is told of her having been shut up in a labyrinth, which was called Rosamond's Bower, to keep her safe from the jealous rage of Eleanor, who was the only true wife of King Henry. The story runs that this "bower" was so ingeniously contrived, with its winding paths and complicated turnings, that no one could find his way, in or out, without being provided with some clue to its intricacy. Eleanor was very jealous of the fair Rosamond, who was beautiful beyond compare, and was wickedly loved by the ardent king, and the queen hated her with a deadly hatred. She accordingly determined to destroy her rival in the affections of her husband, and hit upon an ingenious contrivance to pounce upon Rosamond in her cage, (for it was but a cage, though a garden, rich with verdure and beautiful with flowers,) where Henry had shut her up, to secure her from the jealousy of his wife. Eleanor provided herself one day with a bowl of deadly poison and a long clew of silken thread, and entered the bower in search of her victim. She dropped the clew, holding to one end as she proceeded, and it unravelled at every step she took. She thus wound her way through the winding passage and many turnings of the labyrinth, the thread behind her upon the ground showing where she had already been. She never retraced her steps without her knowledge, and could tell at every moment whether she was making progress or not; and thus, bearing the fatal poison and trailing

the thread after her, she wound her way, like a venomous serpent, to the unsuspecting Rosamond. The jealous queen, with a dagger to the poor lady's heart and the bowl of poison to her lips, forced the fair Rosamond to drink the deadly draught to its dregs. This interesting story of the labyrinth is only a romance, but it is one of the prettiest connected with English history, and though a fiction, has its use, as an illustration of the truth. There was no bower, with winding passages and endless turnings; but there was a fair Rosamond, beloved by King Henry, and hated by his wife Eleanor; but the latter, though jealous—for being which, poor woman, her wicked husband had given her too much occasion—never allowed her passion to get so much the better of her as to murder her rival, or even, so far as is known, to desire to do so.

Of the boyhood of Richard we know hardly any thing. The only fact recorded of it is, curiously enough, his betrothal, at the early age of twelve, to Alice or Adalais, daughter of Louis VII., King of France. For a boy at this early age to be engaged to be married seems very strange. Strange, however, as it may appear, it was no uncommon thing for princes and princesses to be affianced by their parents while children, or even infants. The eldest brother of Richard, Prince Henry, was betrothed to a French princess while they were both infants in arms; and more than this, the father of the prince

was in so much haste to have the matter settled, that he proposed that the ceremony of marriage between the royal babes should be performed at once. Marriage is considered by royal persons an affair of state only, and as it is not the happiness of the husband and wife, but the gratification of the ambition of princes which is sought, royal match-making is generally guided by policy, and not by love. So King Henry of England and Louis VII. of France only thought of their own advantage when they affianced their children, who, in the innocence of infancy, plotted no guile in the present, and looked to no consequences in the future.

The early English kings, subsequent to the Norman conquest, held large territories in France, in allegiance to the kings of that country. Henry the Second was a very large holder, through his own personal interest and that of his wife, and as possessor of the crown of England and Normandy. These rights, held by an English king on French soil, were the cause of constant contention between King Henry and Louis of France. The chief object of the alliance by marriage, between the English and French crowns, was to reconcile these discords, of which both for a while seemed tired. The French king, in consequence of the betrothal of his daughters with the English princes, prevailed upon the king of England to yield up to Prince Henry, the eldest, the fair provinces of Anjou and Maine, and to Richard the rich possession

of Aquitaine. The French king was wily enough to insist upon the princes holding their French possessions directly from him, to which the English king unwisely assented. Though Henry, in his wicked love for the fair Rosamond, showed himself a bad husband, he was a very kind and generous father to the children of his wife Eleanor. It was from the fullness of his paternal heart that he bestowed upon his children the rich bounty of some of the fairest portions of the French dominions. He was outwitted by the French king in the stipulation that the princes should do allegiance to the latter for their possessions in France. It seems clear that Louis was more guided by a secret state policy, and Henry by a frank, paternal love, in this arrangement, which turned out, as the sequel will prove, greatly to the disadvantage of the king of England.

The eldest son of Henry the Second, Prince Henry, was an aspiring youth, and not satisfied with the indulgence of his father, as shown by his generous gifts of two noble provinces in France, insisted upon further possessions, and had the unparalleled audacity to ask for the whole of Normandy, or the kingdom of England itself. His father had allowed him, as he was his eldest son and heir, to be crowned, and now the latter made that indulgent concession a ground for his inordinate claim, pretending that it was beneath the dignity of a crowned head to bow in submission as a subject. Prince Henry was young,

and though spirited and brave, he was easily influenced where his vanity might be worked upon; and there is no doubt that the French king, availing himself of this weakness, induced the young prince, to which he was easily led by his vain love of power, to make this demand upon his father. King Henry refused this outrageous request at once, and being greatly incensed, accused his son of ingratitude. The prince then abruptly left his father, whose court was in Normandy, and fled to the court of Louis VII. In spite of a letter from King Henry to the latter, in which the French king was urged not to countenance a son in the unholy disobedience to his father, the French king was wicked and cruel enough to write back to that father, justifying the ingratitude of the child, and declaring that his son had a right to the English throne, and he (Louis VII.) would sustain it. The French king thus boldly announced this wicked outrage upon the rights of a royal brother, and his concurrence in the awful wickedness of a son in open rebellion against his father. King Henry was dreadfully afflicted by the ingratitude and willful disobedience of his child; and how much greater must have been the poignancy of his grief when he learned that his wife Eleanor and his two younger sons, Richard and Geoffrey, had also fled his kingdom, to join his enemy, the king of France. The shock would have broken the heart of an equally loving father, but less energetic king. The sons suc-

ceeded in escaping the active pursuit of their royal father ; but the queen, who had attempted flight, in the disguise of a man, was overtaken and lodged in prison, where she suffered the long captivity of fifteen years. Richard was only fifteen years of age at this time, and it is hardly fair to hold him responsible for this audacious disobedience to his father's will, nor can it be deemed very unnatural that he should have yielded to his mother's influence. The queen had been long enraged with her royal husband, in consequence of his devotion to the fair Rosamond, and feeling deeply the wrong that she had suffered, was determined to revenge herself. She accordingly instigated her children to this rebellion against the king, and connived with Louis of France in this attempt to dismember the dominion of her husband. The queen, moreover, had brought with her as her dower seven provinces, and would have governed them herself, but as King Henry would brook no division of his power, she was desirous of securing to her children what she failed to obtain for herself. The English king strove with all his might to avoid the terrible emergency of being forced into open conflict with his own children, and accordingly sent an ambassador to the French king, with the purpose of coming to a friendly arrangement. All his overtures, which were evidently dictated by a father's heart, were flatly rejected. Moreover, on Easter-day, in the year 1173, Louis convened a great assembly of the

barons of France, at which Prince Henry was present, together with Philip, Earl of Flanders, and William the Lion, King of Scotland. These all pledged themselves by a solemn oath to aid the English prince in prosecuting what was termed his rights, which meant waging an unjust war against his father, Henry the Second; while the son engaged himself never to agree to peace without the consent of France. Prince Henry justified his unnatural conduct in thus taking arms against his father, on the score of religion. He hypocritically pretended that King Henry was wrathful towards him for having done reverence to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, who since his murder had been put high upon the list of the saints of the Church. "I fear not," said the youthful hypocrite, "to offend a father when the cause of Christ is concerned." He knew very well that his father was guiltless, beyond having uttered a hasty word, of the murder of the pestilent Archbishop of Canterbury; and in pretending that in revenging his death he was doing violence to his father's wishes, he was falsely accusing his parent of an impiety of which he was innocent.

Henry, whose spirit and enterprise were equal to any emergency, prepared to make head against the formidable conspiracy arrayed against him, and enrolled twenty thousand of the men of Brabant, who were always ready to serve any one who paid them. Louis of France, with the young English prince, laid siege to Verneuil, and reduced it by famine, and

when the English king had reached it, ready to relieve his subjects, he found it a prey to the flames. He, however, attacked the rear-guard of the French and routed them, and overcame a numerous body of insurgents, who had become possessed of the town of Dol. This success led to a conference near Gisors which was held in a plain between the latter place and Trie, beneath the wide-spreading shade of an ancient elm, a place where the French kings and Norman dukes were wont to hold parleys for truce or peace. The English king showed his usual parental generosity by offering to Henry and Richard half the revenues of the territories they demanded, together with a number of castles, while to Geoffrey, the youngest, he promised the estates of Earl Caran in Bretagne. The young princes, if they had been allowed to have acted according to the natural dictates of their hearts, would have gratefully accepted these generous offers; but the French king, who had his own purposes to serve, interfered and prevented the filial instincts of the royal children, while the Earl of Leicester, a rebel, insulting his lord and master, King Henry, to his teeth, drew his sword and threatened to kill him. The conference then dissolved in turmoil and confusion.

This rupture led to a continuance of hostilities, with a father arrayed on one side and his rebellious sons, encouraged by the wily policy of King Louis, on the other.

Prince Richard, who was now about seventeen years old, commenced his military career, sad to relate, by taking up arms in open rebellion against his royal father. Richard headed a formidable insurrection in the French provinces of Poitou and Aquitaine. King Henry, with his accustomed vigour, marched against the rebels, took the town of Saintes and the formidable fortress of Tailleburg, and partially quieted the country.

Another success on the part of the English king, before the city of Rouen, the capital of Normandy, which was besieged by Louis of France and King Henry's sons, brought the enemy to a parley. Propositions for peace were offered, to which the princes Henry and Geoffrey were ready to assent, but which their hot-headed, rebellious brother, Richard, fiercely rejected. His blood and spirit were stirred by his first experience of the savage delights of battle, and he longed to continue the conflict. The rash youth therefore persisted in his rebellion, but in spite of the aid of the restless barons of his province of Aquitaine, was forced to yield castle after castle to the energetic warfare of King Henry, and was fain to come to terms at the end of six weeks. The father was now at peace with his children, and with his usual generosity and fatherly kindness bestowed upon them the most liberal gifts of territory, estates, castles, and money. To his son Richard he gave two castles in Poitou, and half the revenue of its

earldom. To his other sons he made equally liberal presents. The boys now professed to be perfectly satisfied, and promised hereafter to love, honor, and obey their father. It was, however, in spite of this generosity of gifts on the one side, and liberality of promises on the other, not many weeks before the eldest son was ready to pick a quarrel with his father; but it did not fortunately lead to any serious consequences, and the two were again on such affectionate terms that, according to an old writer, they not only fed at the same table, but slept in the same bed.

Henry now enjoyed an interval of peace for eight years, a long time for those warlike days. The king's restless disposition and active spirit would not, however, allow him to remain at rest. He travelled rapidly from one part of his kingdom to another, from Normandy to England and back again, directing his energies to the administration of every department of his dominions. Old Peter of Blois, an active, spirited man himself, a great traveller, who had scaled the mountains of the Alps, amid storms and avalanches, and was always on the alert, at the bidding of King Henry, to go from one end of the world to the other, was perfectly astounded at the restless activity of his master, as appears in a letter addressed to King Henry. Peter of Blois had been on a mission to King Louis, and wished to report the result to King Henry; but not being able to find him, writes that "he had been hunting after him, up

and down, all over England, but in vain, and that when Solomon set down four things as too hard to discover, he ought to have added a fifth, and that was the path of the king of England." And King Louis said of him: "The king of England neither rides on land nor sails on water, but flies through the air like a bird. In a moment he flies from Ireland to England—in another from England into France."

During these piping times of peace, King Henry's children lived mostly in France, amusing themselves, as the young nobles in those days were wont, with the mimic war of the tournament. Tilts and jousts succeeded each other in rapid succession, and none were more conspicuous for their skill in these knightly accomplishments than the youthful princes. Richard, who was remarkably tall, vigorous, and active for his age, and of indomitable courage, shone above all his noble competitors. The prowess of these princes was the theme of the song of the minstrels, who travelled from castle to castle, relating in verse the deeds and the renown of the noble and brave. King Henry always listened with delight to the minstrel's song, which, as it recorded passing events, may be considered to have been a kind of newspaper, done in verse, which was circulated from court to court and castle to castle, very much as the morning papers are dropped at our doors in these matter-of-fact days. King Henry would probably have been a great newspaper reader if he had lived

in our time, for his mind was of that active kind that it was not contented to remain ignorant of any thing that was stirring. His affection as a father also made him a delighted listener to the minstrel's song, for the burthen of it was often the knightly deeds of his own spirited children.

Richard was the first to disturb this family harmony by sounding the discordant note of war. On this occasion it was, however, against his brothers, and not his father, that the prince took up arms. The king had called upon Richard to do homage to his elder brother, Henry, for the duchy of Aquitaine. This he refused to do, and the consequence was that Prince Henry, allying himself with his younger brother, Geoffrey, marched an army into Aquitaine, to compel Richard to obedience. The father hastened to prevent this unnatural conflict, and succeeded so far in conciliating the brothers that they met and promised, in presence of King Henry, to live together as brothers should. Concord, however, was always of short duration in that royal family, and it was openly confessed by its members that they could not live in harmony. Geoffrey was sinful and irreverent enough to declare that the only possible bond of agreement among the children was opposition to the father. Prince Richard, referring to some early traditions (which superstition connected with diabolical agency) of the Plantagenet family, to which he belonged, used to say, "it was not astonishing that he

and his brothers, issuing from such a stock, should be so fierce and lawless, for it was quite natural that what came from the devil should go to the devil."

Aquitaine and Poictou, which were destined for the inheritance of Richard, and of which he enjoyed in part the rule and revenues, were a portion of the dominions brought by Queen Eleanor as her dower to King Henry. The people of these provinces were devoted to their mistress; they beheld in her the representative of their old princely stock; she was their chieftain, and nothing could alienate the attachment of those ardent and poetical people from the traditional associations connected with the descendant of their great chiefs. The imprisonment of Queen Eleanor by her husband was of course bitterly grieved at by her people, and they fiercely sought to revenge this injury to their beloved mistress, and insult to their loyalty. All means were considered by them just in retribution of this wrong, and they did not hesitate even to stir up disaffection in the family of the king of England, that they might array the sons against the father, in order to revenge the mother and the wrongs of Poictou and Aquitaine.

The troubadours sang, in mingled strains of sorrow and anger, the captivity of Eleanor. "Thou wast carried from thine own land" is the lament of one of those early poets, "and transported to a land thou knowest not of. Thou wast brought up in all abundance and delicacy, and in a royal liberty, living in

the lap of riches, enjoying the sports of thy maidens and their pleasant songs, to the soft accompaniment of the lute and tabor; and now thou weepest and lamentest, consuming thy days in grief. Return, poor prisoner, return to thy faithful cities! Where is now thy court? Where are thy young companions? Where thy counsellors?" And then the poet rises from these low sobbing words of mourning and lament to high, inspiring trumpet-tones of war and revenge. "Thou criest, and no one hears thee, for the northern king keeps thee shut up like a besieged town; but still cry aloud, and tire not of crying. Raise thy voice like a trumpet, that thy sons may hear thee; for the day is at hand when thy sons shall deliver thee, and when thou shalt see thy native land again. Woe to the traitors that are in Aquitaine, for the day of vengeance is near. Fly before the face of bold Richard, Duke of Aquitaine, for he will overthrow the vain-glorious, break their chariots and those that ride in them. Yea, he will annihilate all who oppose, from the greatest to the least!"

Richard loved his mother with all the warmth of an affectionate son, and deeply felt her wrongs. We may thus find some excuse for him, in his rebellion against his father, as he was led to believe that he was fulfilling his duty to one parent while openly failing in that toward the other. The naturally turbulent disposition of the family had something to do

with these family quarrels ; but the chief cause may be found in the unfortunate estrangement between the king and queen. These disagreements seemed never destined to cease. On one occasion, after a lengthened conflict, when Geoffrey was alone in arms against his father, an appointment was made for the purpose of conciliation. Limoges was the place selected for the meeting. King Henry, in the full confidence of a father's love, rode to the gates of the city, and was repulsed with a shower of arrows, some of which pierced his armor and wounded a knight at his side. This looked treacherous, but the king was satisfied by the explanation that it was a mistake, and he was promised free entrance to the town. He accordingly entered, and met his son in the centre of the market-place, where he was again saluted with a discharge of arrows, one of which wounded the horse he rode, in the head. The king was overcome, and weeping bitterly, and taking the arrow, presented it to his son Geoffrey, and sobbed out, in tones of agonizing grief, "O son! what hath thy unhappy father done to deserve that thou shouldst make him a mark for thine arrows?" This wicked attempt to kill the king has been charged upon the son, although it is more natural or humane to suppose that he did not connive at it, but that it was done at the order of some one of the fierce barons of Aquitaine unknown to Geoffrey.

Soon after this, the eldest son of the king, Prince

Henry, was taken dangerously ill at Château Martel, near Limoges. He sent for his father to visit him, that he might forgive him, as he believed himself on the bed of death. The father was eager to hasten to his dying child, but his courtiers prevented him, believing that this sickness was a mere pretense—a trap set to inveigle the king into the power of his enemies. Henry, however, sent the Archbishop of Bordeaux to his son at once, and taking a ring from his finger, ordered the prelate to give it to his son as a token of his forgiveness. Shortly after, a messenger arrived, announcing the death of the prince. He was twenty-seven years old when he died. An early death, says an old historian, if you consider his age, but much too late a one if you regard his acts. His life was spent in violent disobedience to his father, and the young man, on his death-bed, felt all the horrors of remorse for his wicked conduct. King Henry's messenger, the archbishop, had arrived in time to assure him of his father's forgiveness, and administer the last rites of religion. The prince pressed, in the agonies of death, his father's ring to his fevered lips, and kissed this memorial of a parent's forgiveness with all the devotion of a penitent son. His dying words were of confession, remorse, and repentance. He openly acknowledged his undutifulness and the crimes of his wicked career, and in hopeless penance for his sins ordered his helpless, dying body to be dragged by a rope from his couch to

a bed of ashes, that he might suffer the last agonies of death in humiliation.

His father was greatly moved when he learned that his eldest son was no more; but his deep sorrow as a bereaved parent did not weaken his sense of duty as a king. The very day after the funeral he was up in arms, and attacked, with unabated vigor, the rebels, to whose machinations he was disposed to attribute his son's rebellion. Limoges was taken by assault, castle after castle was stormed and taken, and the ringleaders captured. Bertrand de Blois, a noble of Aquitaine, a man of great courage and ability, was the chief of the captives. This baron was a man of high accomplishments for the age in which he lived, and was not only a gallant knight, but a man of varied accomplishments, and a poet withal. His seductive manners were such that few could resist their influence, and it was supposed that he had exercised his irresistible power upon the young princes and excited them to rebellion. "He must surely die!" said King Henry, when De Blois was dragged a captive into his presence. Taunting him with his boasted wit, which was said never to fail, the king said, "I think thou has lost thy wits." "Yes, sire," replied Bertrand, in a tone of deep sorrow, "I lost them the day the valiant young king died." This brought up the memory of his lost child, and completely overcame the father's equanimity; he burst into tears and nearly swooned. On recovering,

his anger had gone, and his heart was softened to mercy. "Sir Bertrand," said he, "Sir Bertrand, thou mightest well lose thy wits because of my son, for he loved thee more than any other man on earth; and I, for love of him, give thee thy life, thy property, thy castle."

After the death of Prince Henry, Geoffrey asked his father's pardon, which the king's generous heart readily granted. The family were now, for a time, all reconciled, and poor Eleanor, the queen, was released from prison, for a moment, that she might be present to witness the solemnization of this rare union of the king's discordant household. John, too, the youngest of the princes, whose youth, thus far, had saved him from the sin of rebellion, was also present. Geoffrey, however, soon forgot his promises, and was again in arms against his father, until his unnatural and violent career was brought to an appropriate close by his being thrown from his horse while engaged in a tournament, and trampled to death.

Louis VII. of France was now dead, and had been succeeded by his son, Philip II., a young and spirited prince. He had his father's ambition to weaken the power and bend the pride of England, but had more than his father's capacity to cope with the brave and able Henry. Philip made a great show of honor to the memory of the wicked Geoffrey, and great was

the pomp and display of the funereal ceremonies that the French king exhibited on the occasion.

King Philip affected great love for Prince Richard, and accordingly invited him to the French court, where such was the intimacy of these young princes, that they eat at the same table, say the old chroniclers, and out of the same dish by day, and slept in the same bed by night. The purpose of this affected love, on the part of the French king, was very clear. He strove to weaken the power of King Henry, by exciting the son to oppose his father. The English king shrewdly suspected the design and sent for Richard, who repeatedly answered that he was coming, while he yet lingered. He at last left the French court, not to fly to the embraces of his father, but, robber-like, to seize a treasure, and to excite the people of Aquitaine to insurrection. He failed, however, in his unholy attempt, and was forced to sue for his father's forgiveness. The king, who had learned by sad experience to distrust his son's promises of amendment, forced him, on this occasion, to confirm his word by a solemn oath, on a copy of the Holy Evangelists, in the presence of an imposing conclave, lay and clerical.

This, however, was only a temporary lull of the domestic war, which was incessantly carried on between King Henry and his unruly family. The hot-headed Richard could neither quell his fiery tem-

per, nor subject his restless, independent spirit to the will of his father. The young French king, Philip, was ready, too, for his own purposes of state policy, to encourage the untamed prince in his willful opposition to the king of England. Another conference was held beneath the famous elm-tree, at Gisors, in France. Both kings were there, with the impetuous Richard; but whatever might have been the peaceful designs of the royal parties, nothing but discord and angry feeling were the result. The young king of France lost all self-command, and swearing by the saints, that as they could not agree, no more parleys should be held under the famous elm, in a rage he cut it down.

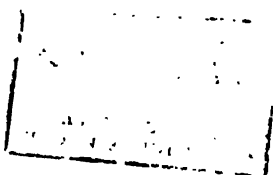
Richard, as has been already stated, had been affianced at the early age of twelve, to Adelais or Alice, the daughter of Louis VII., and sister of King Philip. She had been, ever since, placed under the guardianship of King Henry, who seemed resolved not to yield her up, in spite of the entreaties and threats of his son Richard. The young people had now reached the proper age for marriage. The prince naturally claimed his right to the hand of the fair Alice, and there was no good reason why his just request should not be complied with. The king's conduct, in regard to this affair, seems mysterious, and can be only explained by the opinion, that he had himself become enamored of the French princess, and had determined to dispose of her for his own

behoof. Henry had tried to obtain from the Pope of Rome, a divorce from his wife Eleanor, with the purpose, it was said, of espousing Alice, the betrothed of Richard. King Philip of France, indignant at this retention of his sister, peremptorily summoned the English king to yield her up, that Richard might have his own, and that Alice might be saved the dishonor of an unworthy alliance with the father.

Richard had just cause of complaint against his father for keeping the fair Alice; but this was not the main motive which impelled him again to take up arms against King Henry. It was probable, as the sequel will show, that he cared but little for Alice, however fair she may have been. The prince preferred the rude excitement of war to the soft delights of love, and chose rather to tussle in fierce encounter with Mars, than to linger in the amorous embraces of Venus.

Alice and Richard had seen but little of each other, and had been affianced, as children, because it suited the policy of their parents. The former were too young and thoughtless to think of love; the latter, too old and ambitious to regard it. We may conclude that Richard's heart was not much concerned in the demand he made for Alice. King Henry, however, was none the less to blame for his conduct in withholding from his son his bride.

Richard's ambitious longings for power, and the belief that the crown of England was destined, by





RICHARD AT THE TOMB OF HIS FATHER.

King Henry, for his younger brother John, were the chief causes of this new resistance to his father.

Another conference was held in Normandy. Philip proposed that Alice should be given up to Richard, and that that prince should be declared heir, not only to England, but to all the continental dominions, and that the king should cause his vassals to swear fealty to Richard. Henry peremptorily refused the latter demand. Richard was enraged, and he exclaimed with great energy, "This forces me to believe that which I before deemed impossible." The prince referred to the report that Prince John had been preferred by his father, as heir to the crown. It was evidently the throne of England that was uppermost in his heart, and not the hand of the fair Alice. He struck for the prize of kingdoms, and not for the conquest of a girl. Richard would rather fight for power than sue for love. His nature was essentially resisting and warlike. A violent altercation ensued during the conference, and Richard, on the refusal of his father to grant his demands, furiously turned from him, and ungirding the sword by his side, threw himself on his knees at the feet of the king of France, and placing his hands between his, said, "To you, sire, I commit the protection of myself and my hereditary rights, and to you I do homage for all my father's dominions on this side the sea." King Henry, terribly excited by this violent rupture and bold defiance of his rights as king, and claims as father,

hastily sprung upon his horse and galloped away. Henry, almost broken-hearted, and suffering from disease of body as well as agony of mind, did not show his usual activity and spirit. King Philip and Richard were allowed, in consequence, to make formidable headway. They took castle after castle, town after town, unopposed, while the king, bent as he was by grief and bodily suffering, yielded unresistingly to each successive blow.

The Church, however, came to the aid of the English king, and by its threats of interdict and excommunication did more by its spiritual artillery than the broken-hearted and now feeble and unnerved Henry could do with sword and battle-axe. Another conference was held, the same demands were made by the king of France, and Richard, but were again refused. Henry proposed that Alice should be given in marriage to Prince John, and that he should be declared heir to the French portion of his dominions. Richard would not consent, and Philip was faithful friend enough to second the prince in his refusal. The cardinal legate, John of Anagni, who was present at the conference as the representative of the Pope, and as the advocate of the cause of the king of England, rebuked the French king, and threatened France with a papal interdict. Philip spiritedly despised the threat, and told the proud prelate that he had sold himself—that he could easily perceive that he had smelt of the English pounds sterling. Richard,



THE MEETING OF THE KINGS AT AZAR

whose sword was always his first and last appeal, could not contain his fierce temper, and was for cutting down the prelate without more ado, but was timely prevented from so audacious an act by the mediation of others.

Sad and dispirited, King Henry rode away. Aquitaine, Poictou, and Brittany rose in opposition to him; and his barons on all sides engaged in conspiracies against his declining power. The bold heart to conceive, the determined will to do, and the strong arm to strike the blow, were no longer his. He felt his weakness and knew that he was at the mercy of his enemies. The proud Henry then first bent the knee in suppliance, and he sued for peace, throwing himself upon the mercy of Philip and Richard, to whom he promised to submit to such terms as they might in their good pleasure bestow.

The plain of Azar was selected for a meeting between the kings of England and France to agree upon the terms of a treaty. The two monarchs, on horseback, met and rode together on the plain. Prince Richard, also mounted, stationed himself at a distance, awaiting the issue with some feeling of reverence for his father and shame at his own share in that royal father's humiliation. Philip and Henry had stopped their horses and commenced a parley, when of a sudden a dark cloud overshadowed the plain and threw a gloom over nature, which was in harmony with the sombre grief in which the heart of

the English king was wrapt. Henry had just ventured a gentle objection to a proposition of Philip when a bright flash of lightning, glancing with fearful vividness between the two, followed by the roar of thunder, blinded and silenced the monarchs. The startled horses sprung back, and the English king, trembling with excitement, would have fallen from his seat had not his attendants rushed to his support. It seemed to the prostrate monarch as if the eye of God had looked dreadfully upon him in the glare of his lightning, and had spoken to him in the voice of his thunder, commanding him to yield; and with fear and trembling, he hurriedly consented to every demand of the French king. The only condition he asked, was that as he had granted pardon to all who had risen in rebellion against him, he might be graciously permitted to see a list of their names. The scroll was handed to him while prostrate with sickness. The first name was that of his son John.

The cup of bitterness was at its full, and the unhappy monarch now suffered the dying agonies of a broken heart. Henry, Geoffrey, Richard, and John—all rebels to their king and father. The last was the saddest blow of all. To be bereaved of the love of his youngest, the beloved of his declining years, was an affliction too great for endurance. The king was in the vigor of his manhood and in the fullness of prosperity when his elder sons first rebelled, and he could find in the exercise of his kingly offices and in

the excitement of battle a diversion from the sorrows of a grieving father. John, however, had forsaken him in his age and adversity, and while the king, tottering in his weakness, leaned upon him as his only support, the youthful sapling sprung from the feeble hand, and the old man fell prostrate on the ground.

"Is it true that John, the child of my heart, whom I have cherished more than all the rest, and for the love of whom I have drawn down upon mine own head all these troubles, hath verily betrayed me?" Thus cried the king in the agony of his breaking heart as he started from his bed and gazed wildly about. No one could deny it. Then the unhappy king exclaimed, "Now, then, let every thing go as it will, I have no longer care for myself or the world," and he fell back upon his bed and turned his face to the wall.

Chinon, beautifully situated on the banks of the French river Loire, was the favorite residence of the Norman kings; and it was here in the retirement of its groves and within the sound of the murmurs of its river flowing on to the boundless ocean, that King Henry desired to linger out his last hours in quiet contemplation, as his stream of life was fast flowing into eternity. He accordingly was conveyed there in a litter; but the change had no effect upon the mind or disease of the doomed king. He grew worse and worse, and finally gave up all hope and yielded himself up to death. In his last moments he was heard

to mutter in wild and broken accents, "O shame! a conquered king! I a conquered king! Cursed be the day on which I was born, and cursed of God the children I leave behind me." He was urged by the priests in attendance to retract these awful curses, but would not. The king can be hardly held responsible for these words which passed his dying lips, as they were probably uttered in the delirium of approaching death.

Henry had an illegitimate son by the fair Rosamond, of the name of Geoffrey, who was chancellor of England. He proved the most faithful of his children, and hurried to the side of his dying father. The king received him with a joy that brightened up the features of the dying man; he gave him the ring from his finger, and with a bitter sarcasm, expressing a hope that Richard would pardon his fidelity to his king and his affection for his father, desired that he might be elevated to the archbishopric of York, or the see of Winchester.

The king rapidly failed, and in a spirit of devotional piety, with his last breath, desired to be carried to the church, where he was borne, and died at the foot of the holy altar. Ministers, barons, bishops, and priests, with the characteristic heartlessness of courtiers, hurried away while the last breath was moist upon the pallid lips of the dead king. The menial attendants followed the example of their betters, and after having stripped the body and stolen all they could lay

their hands on, fled, leaving what was mortal of the king to the chance reverence of the passer-by. After some delay, a few humble persons were found to wrap the body in a winding-sheet and bear it to its last resting-place in the Abbey of Pontevraud. Richard, who had heard of the death of his father, hurried to pay the last, unavailing respect to his remains. He met the procession, and must have learned a lesson of humility while he beheld the royal corpse borne by the hands of strangers. Richard followed it to the tomb; and uncovering the remains, was face to face with his father, who in death preserved that expression of despair and suffering which betokened a long agony of body and soul. The son looked on in silence, but his whole frame shook with emotion, and he fell prostrate before the altar, where he poured out a prayer, intermingled with bursts of passionate remorse.

The old chroniclers record that the body of the king never ceased to bleed at both nostrils while Richard was in its presence. "The very corpse, as it were, abhorring and accusing him for his unnatural behavior."

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD the First was thirty-two years old when he ascended the throne of England. He was in the full vigor of a ripe manhood. A remarkable man in appearance, was this lion-hearted king. He was tall in stature, being over six feet in height, and his muscular development was proportionate. With the strength of a Hercules, he had truly the heart of a lion. His arms were somewhat of disproportionate length, but were completely under the mastery of his iron will, and no one of his day, when personal strength was carefully developed by manly exercise, could wield a battle-axe or use a sword with so much force. The battle-axe was the king's favorite weapon; and before he left for the Crusades, he had one, the largest ever manufactured, made for him by some of the most skillful of his English handicraftsmen. The head of it alone, wrought of the best-tempered steel, weighed over twenty pounds, and this famous axe was expressly made, according to a rhyming chronicler of the times—

“To break therewith the Saracen's bones.”

We shall have occasion to record the doughty service

of this famous weapon, wielded by the stalwart Richard. Nothing could resist the blow of his strong arm: whether it was to cleave a helmet in the deadly conflict of battle, poise a lance, or struggle hand to hand in the rude game of the tournament, Richard's strength never failed to tell; and his enemy in war, or his competitor in the tourney, was sure to bite the dust.

His yellowish, auburn hair, his ruddy complexion, browned from exposure, his curling beard and moustache, with his brawny, full-rounded, and yet well-knit limbs, his arched chest and lofty stature, proved him of true Norman blood, and he was one of the noblest knights of that doughty stock: When roused, his eyes, which were ordinarily piercing and brilliant, became so fired with intensity that none could withstand their glance, and his boldest enemy shrunk back affrighted at his terrible look. His temperament was ardent and impulsive; he was quick to take offense as he was ready to forgive. He was rash and headstrong, imperious in will, and could brook no opposition. He was incomparably brave, his delight was in war, and he sought every occasion for the indulgence of his favorite occupation. Well disciplined in the exercise of arms by those wicked assaults upon his father's rights, and frequent civil wars, he became at an early age an experienced soldier, and when he received the crown of England, was undoubtedly the bravest knight and greatest warrior of his age.

Though King Richard loved the clash of arms, and the fierce excitement of the battle-field, he was remarkable, according to the times in which he lived, for his culture, and was skilled in the gentle art of minstrelsy. He was deeply enamored of the poetry that was cultivated in the middle ages, and held a high rank himself among the gay Troubadours.

Richard's first act, as king, was to perform his duty as son; and he released his mother, Queen Eleanor, from her captivity. This proud woman's spirit had been curbed by her long imprisonment. For sixteen years, this restless, ambitious queen had checked her flight against the prison-bars, and bruised her heart, in its hopeless fluttering, against the cruel and unmoved resolve of the resolute King Henry.

When she was restored to the light and boundless space of liberty, her eyes no longer wandered from the path of duty, nor did she essay a flight beyond the limits of her modest life as mother. Her first act, on being restored to freedom, was a generous bestowal of alms to the poor, that they might pray for the soul of her dead husband—a pious deed, that betokened remorse for her own willful conduct, and forgiveness for the king's cruel treatment. Eleanor was invested with the office of Regent of England, during King Richard's detention in Normandy. While in the exercise of her brief authority, she gave proof of a tenderness of heart that showed how much her early nature was subdued. She abounded in

works of mercy, released those who had been unjustly imprisoned, and mitigated the severity of many of the laws, the weight of which pressed heavily upon the English people. Richard, either from a reverence for the memory of his father, or remorseful remembrance of his own wicked rebellion, or from a consideration of state policy, persecuted those who had plotted against the late king, and did not even spare his own friends, whom he, the chief traitor, had led to rebellion. His brother was the only exception, and him he treated with unusual indulgence and the most brotherly kindness.

A great festival was held on the occasion of the king's coronation. Westminster was chosen for the impressive scene. The great ecclesiastics, cardinals, abbots, and bishops were there, in their rich robes of priestly office, to shed a sacred halo upon the ceremony, while the bold barons, whose glistening armor flashed defiance, and whose battle-axes and sword-blades dimmed the eye with their dazzling brightness and threatening aspect, were also there in full array, a rampart of knightly princes, with bold hearts and strong arms to defend the throne. The old chroniclers record that in the morning, the bishops, abbots, and clergy went in procession to the palace, bearing the cross before them and carrying censers. The king, who was in his private apartments, joined them at the palace, and the procession moved on to Westminster, the road from the palace to the abbey being

laid with broadcloth. First walked the clergy, bearing the cross, the censers, and vessels filled with holy water; after them came the priors, abbots, and bishops, in the centre of whom were four barons, carrying enormous candlesticks of pure gold; then came Godfrey de Lucy, with the cap of state, and John de Mareschall with the golden spurs; next, William, Earl of Pembroke, with the sceptre, and William, Earl of Salisbury, with the rod and dove; after these came David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother to the king of Scotland, Prince John, and Robert, Earl of Leicester, bearing three swords, the scabbards of which were inlaid with gold; they were followed by six earls and six barons, carrying a magnificent casket, in which were the insignia of royalty and the state robes; then came William de Mandeville, Earl of Albemarle, carrying the crown before the king, who had on one side of him the Bishop of Durham, and on the other, the Bishop of Bath, while a splendid canopy of rich silk was borne on lances, by four barons, above his head.

An enormous crowd of the citizens and other denizens of London and of all parts of the country, followed the procession until it entered the Abbey, where it passed up the centre, which was covered with rich cloth of the superb Tyrian dye, and was met by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was in attendance at the altar. Richard knelt down before the altar and swore the usual oath. Having

been divested of his mantle and upper garments, and sandals, richly worked with gold, having been placed upon his feet, the Archbishop poured from the ampulla the holy oil upon his head, breast, and shoulders, and annointed him king. The cap of state was then put upon his head, and being clothed in the kingly robes, he received the sword of justice; and two noble earls, bending on their knees, buckled on the golden spurs. Thus regally arrayed, Richard was led to the altar where the crown was placed, and the Archbishop, admonishing him in the name of God, not to touch it unless he was prepared solemnly to abide by his oath, Richard repeated his sacred pledge, and took the heavy crown from off the altar, and handed it to the prelate, who placed it upon the royal head. Richard was thus formally crowned King of England. The royal sceptre was then assumed, and he seated himself upon the throne. The celebration of mass, with all the imposing ceremonial of the Church, closed the impressive scene.

This great occasion led to one of the most disgraceful events in English history. A banquet was held, after the coronation, in the choir of Westminster Church, at which all the nobility were present as guests, and citizens of wealth and repute, as servants. Some of the worthiest burgesses of London served as butlers, who in these days, are the drawers of corks and the washers of bottles, but in the time of King Richard had to do with flagons and goblets

instead, while the same respectable class of the city of Winchester served up the meats. Times have changed since then, and the worth of honest industry is weighed in a somewhat juster scale. The builders up of a nation's prosperity, the merchants, and traders, and handicraftsmen, are not so ready to bow their necks in servile subjection to the destroyers, the ambitious kings, warriors, and fighting-men. The latter are only too happy, now-a-days, if the former will graciously let them have the wherewithal to eat, and drink, and fight, without asking for what they would fail to get—menial service, too.

The disreputable scene to which we have referred, was not, however, this degradation of honest citizens, but something worse, still; a disgraceful riot, which led to one of the most dreadful massacres ever recorded.

The Jews, in the time of King Richard, were certainly the most useful citizens, and undoubtedly the greatest benefactors of England. The trade, and consequent wealth and prosperity of the country, were almost entirely indebted to the persecuted race of Israel. Nearly all the comforts, and certainly all the ornaments and luxuries of life, which increase so much its charms, and entice it on by their attractions to the refining influence of civilization, were brought into the country by the enterprise of the Jews. They of course, as they were the only commercial portion of the people, accumulated great wealth, as they

deserved to do ; for in many respects they made the best use of it, by increasing the resources and adding to the wealth and prosperity of the land.

The war-making, spendthrift kings, and the reckless, dare-devil, swaggering barons, who were often out of pocket by their prodigal waste, were obliged to have frequent recourse to the Jews for loans. These needy nobles were more than usually urgent in their demands, and doubtless less than usually punctual in their payments at this time, in consequence of the frequent wars and the contemplated Crusades. Money was, as our brokers would say, in brisk demand, hard to get ; and in obedience to the laws of commerce, which are as absolute as those of nature, money became dear. The Jew lenders, therefore, finding the commodity in which they were the only dealers in demand and scarce, naturally and properly raised its price. This angered the fierce barons, who knew only how to spend money and get it by stealing ; for such great souls were too ignorant to know how it was obtained by honest industry, and too lofty to learn. The kings and barons of those days preferred foul means to fair, and so they persecuted the industrious, money-making Jews. As for the religious belief of these people, although the so-called Christian nobles of those days pretended to have it in awful abhorrence, we do not think they cared much whether the Jews rejected Christ or not ; for they, themselves, were not given over-much to following his precepts.

Philip of France, on ascending his throne, illustrated the old fable of the goose and golden egg over again, and banished, like a fool, all the Jews from his kingdom, and, robber-like, confiscated all their property, and released the Christians from their debts to their Jewish creditors. Richard of England, it was supposed, would be guilty of the same folly and wickedness, as he wanted money as badly as his kingly brother, and was not too good or too wise to get it in the same way.

The people were probably more honest in their prejudices against the Jews than the nobles. The latter, allied with the Church, did all in their power to foster these prejudices for their own unworthy purposes. The priests taught that the Hebrew nation was suffering under the curse of God, and that it was the duty of a Christian people, in obedience to the will of their heavenly Father, to carry out that dispensation. No religious duty was more faithfully kept. An infidel Turk might be saved, and all his Turkish sins washed away by baptism; but an unbelieving Jew had a taint in his nature, that all the waters of the ocean could not cleanse. The poor persecuted Jew hardly dared to show himself in the light of day, but was obliged to lie obscurely hidden until night, when he skulked about under the shadow of the darkness. The people shrunk from a Jew as from a pestilence, and feared that the mere touch of his garment would contaminate them.

At the coronation, in accordance with this ill-will and prejudice against the Jews, all of the despised race were expressly commanded by proclamation to keep far away from Westminster, lest their presence should pollute so holy and august a ceremony. The coronation, however, being over, and the banquet having begun, the Jews thought that the interdict against their presence remained no longer in force, and accordingly sent a deputation composed of their most venerable patriarchs, loaded with costly presents, to render to King Richard their homage, and propitiate him with their gifts. The king graciously admitted the venerable Jews and their magnificent offerings to his presence, and he and his courtiers welcomed the latter with very unmistakable feelings of joy. The former, however, did not fare so well. A disturbance having risen on the outside of the hall, where a Jew, in trying to make his way through the crowd collected at the gates, was struck by a Christian and pursued with a hue and cry, like some miserable vermin; the noise reached the interior of the hall while the Jewish deputation were displaying their rich vessels of gold, and caskets of diamonds and precious jewels, before the eager king. The courtiers and attendants, after securing the rich offerings, reëchoed the outside cry of persecution, and cursing and reviling the generous Jews, thrust them violently out of the hall, and handed them over to the rage of the furious multitude without. They were cruelly beaten

with staves and bats, and driven with stones to their houses.

The king not doing any thing to check this cruel violence, the people collected in large numbers from all quarters of the city, and raged through the streets, killing every Jew they met. Then this infuriated mob attacked the houses in the Jewish quarter of London, and where they found resistance, set fire to the dwellings, burning all the inmates, old men and women, fathers, mothers, and helpless children. In some instances, where they succeeded in entering the houses, all the Jews they found were seized and hurled alive from the windows into the fires they had kindled on the outside. Their blood-thirsty ferocity made no nice distinctions, but the aged, the sick, and the bed-ridden were all murdered. Richard at last became aware of the necessity of doing something toward allaying the excitement of the people, and accordingly sent the Lord Justiciary and other officers, with an armed force, to endeavor to put down the riot. But these efforts proved vain. The authority of Richard's officers was despised, and they themselves obliged to fly for their lives, and barely succeeded in getting back to Westminster Hall, where the banquet still continued. At night the havoc went on, the burning of the houses of the Jews, which threatened a general conflagration of the city, lighting the mob in their mad work of pillage and murder. Fresh tortures were applied, by their

merciless persecutors, to the wretched Israelites. They not only plundered and ransacked the houses to vent their fury upon the helpless occupants, but received those that were hunted from their burning or ransacked dwellings, in their attempt to escape through the doors and windows, upon the points of their spears, bill-hooks, and swords, with which every outlet bristled, so that not a single Jew should escape. These fearful outrages lasted from twelve o'clock one day, until two in the afternoon of the next, when the mob seemed for awhile glutted with blood, and ceased only from fatigue and satiety.

King Richard hung three men, not, as he publicly proclaimed, because they had murdered the Jews, but because they had burned the houses of Christians, which were accidentally destroyed by the fire set to the Jewish quarter extending to them. Issuing a proclamation, in which he stated that he received the Jews under his special protection and that no one should harm them, was all that King Richard thought the crimes of his people and the danger of the emergency required.

The effect of this ill-advised and criminal leniency soon showed itself in the extension of the fanatical rage of the Christians to other parts of England. In Lynn, Stamford, Norwich, and Lincoln, the Jews were plundered and massacred with the same ingenuity of cruelty as in London. In York, however,

these persecutions reached an intensity unexampled elsewhere.

York, with the exception of London, contained more Jews than any other city in England, and these were reputed to be possessed of enormous wealth. Their great riches were the lure which tempted the attack upon them, which was a deliberately-arranged plan, and not the act of popular frenzy. Some of the nobles and officials of the city and neighborhood, upon whose friendship the Jew traders had calculated in consequence of their frequent relations of trade and money-lending with them, were principally concerned in the persecution at York, which led to one of the bloodiest events in history.

It was a dark and stormy night when the people of York were startled from sleep by the cry that the city was on fire. The streets were soon thronged by the alarmed population, and flames were seen to issue from various parts of the city. While the citizens were engaged in putting out the fire and saving the lives and property of the sufferers, the house of one of the richest Jew inhabitants of York, of the name of Benedict, was ruthlessly assailed, every member of the family, man, woman, and child murdered, and the house plundered of its rich treasures. The murderers then set fire to the house and fled without opposition. This Benedict was one of the representatives of his sect, who was deputed to wait

upon King Richard at the banquet, and was, with his associates, thrust out and exposed to the cruelty of the savage London mob. While in the hands of these cruel people, poor Benedict in his fright had cried out that he abjured the Jewish faith and was ready to become a Christian. A respite from death was granted him in consequence, and on the next day, when brought before the bishops, he refused to be baptized, honestly confessing that he remained firm in the Jewish faith, and that the only object of his recantation on the day before, was to escape the cruelty of the populace. He became subsequently a victim of the fury of the mob at Northampton. It was in consequence of his death, by which his house and the wealth he had left behind remained unprotected, that those who had contrived the plundering of the Jews of York were induced to assault, rob, and murder the household of Benedict and burn his residence to the ground.

The Jews of York became alarmed for their safety, and so, with the consent of the Governor, removed to his castle with their wives, children, and most of their wealth. The robbers soon renewed their attacks, their first success had only sharpened their appetite for plunder and their thirst for blood. The house of a Jew, of the name of Jocenus, the partner of the unfortunate Benedict, was now broken into and plundered. A number of Jews had sought refuge in that place, as it was

strongly guarded, and these poor creatures thought themselves sufficiently secure without joining their brethren in the castle. The darkness of the night was again chosen for the assault of these desperate robbers, who, under the name of Christians, committed acts unequalled by the most ferocious heathen savages. The house was plundered, its inmates tortured and murdered, and the building burned to the ground.

On the next day all disguise was thrown off, and the Jewish quarter became a scene of indiscriminate robbery and slaughter. Life was offered to those who would be baptized, but the property of all, without exception, was carried off. Most chose the alternative of death, and were slain without mercy. The Jews in the castle now became doubtful of their safety, notwithstanding the strength of the refuge to which they had fled. The Governor having gone to the city on business, the Jews, suspicious of the sincerity of his protection, determined to become masters of the castle, and accordingly secured the sentinels, and barred the gates against his return. The Governor, then fortifying himself with the sheriff's authority, attacked the castle. Crowds of people came thronging in from the country, until they swelled to a great multitude. A fanatic rage took possession of this uncontrollable mass, and although the sheriff, fearing the excesses of the mob, revoked his order, it proved too late, and the excited people would listen to no terms, and were resolved

to grant no quarter. The castle was then assaulted, and without effect, for several days, as the Jews defended themselves with the desperation of men at bay, with their lives depending on the issue. The mob were, however, not to be thwarted in their hellish purpose. Among their leaders, it is recorded that there were some priests, who, forgetful of the lessons of their Saviour, were urging on the infuriated savages to their work of cruelty and death. A hermit was one of the principal instigators, and his fanatic appeals to the passions of the mob stirred them to frenzy. This man, however, soon met with his deserts, for he was killed by a stone thrown from the castle.

The Jews finding at last that their resistance was unavailing, were driven to desperation, and one of their most venerable patriarchs, a man learned in the law and of great authority among his race, advised that they should destroy themselves, as it were better to die by their own hands than to suffer a lingering death in torture at the less merciful hands of their Christian persecutors. The venerable patriarch, whose words were eagerly caught, as if he spoke with the inspired voice of a sacred prophet of old, stood up among his people, his long, scant hairs of gray and his white beard adding the respect of age to the authority of office, and solemnly and with a tone of resolute and yet pious resignation, uttered the following words: "Men of Israel, God bids us die

for the law, and our glorious ancestors have so died in all ages. If we fall into the hands of these our enemies, not merely death, but cruel torture awaits us. Let us then return to our Almighty Creator the life which he gave; let us die willingly and devoutly by our own hands." Some assented at once, and the work of self-slaughter commenced. These first having proposed to burn the castle, which was resisted, killed their wives and children, and after having made way with all they could of their wealth, burning their rich robes and costly shawls of Cashmere, and burying their jewels and plate of silver and gold, sacrificed themselves. Those who remained waited in an agony of anxiety for the coming day, and gathering at the first light of dawn upon the wall, stretched out their arms in prayers for mercy, and besought their persecutors to spare their lives. Obtaining a promise of safety, the gates were opened, and the infuriated mob rushed in and massacred every Jew in the castle.

King Richard was sorely vexed at the conduct of his Christian subjects, for he had pledged his protection to the Jews; but yielding to the prejudices of the times, he did not punish the crimes of the murderers as they merited. He contented himself with suspending the governor and the sheriff from their offices, and with his usual eagerness for money, let off the principal inhabitants who were responsible for the robbery and murder of the Jews of York,

on the payment of a round sum as a penalty for their offense.

During the life-time of his father, King Henry, Richard's martial spirit had been stirred by the eloquent appeals of the patriarch Heraclius, who headed a deputation sent in 1185 by Queen Sybilla, to crave the assistance of France and England, in the crisis of Jerusalem, which was about falling again into the hands of the Turks. Richard had pledged himself to the cause of the holy city. Now that he was king, he was ready to fulfill his pledge, and his whole soul was absorbed in the resolute purpose of a crusade against the Turk. Since the visit of the patriarch Heraclius to England, the city of Jerusalem had been taken by Saladin, of whom we shall hear more in the sequel, at the head of his fierce Saracens. The holy cross was now in the polluting hands of the infidel, and the sepulchre of Christ wrested from the devout protection of the Christian soldier, and abandoned to the mockery of the unbelieving Turk.

Richard was not superior to the superstition of his age, and undoubtedly yielded with enthusiastic devotion to its influence; but it was his martial spirit, rather than his religious feeling, which prompted his crusade to the East. He was fired with his love of the excitement of battle, and his ambitious ardor for martial renown. Palestine was to him a great battle-field, where he burned to rival the warlike deeds of former Christian princes. Whether or not

he felt the religious feelings which consecrated the wars against the Saracen, and made them holy in the superstition of his age, he was conscious how greatly the summits of the earthly glory of battle were brightened by the rays of heaven, which were thought to descend upon them. He was resolved to scale those summits, whose celestial effulgence paled all other objects of aspiring ambition.

Richard now strove unceasingly to prepare for an immediate crusade. In carrying on a holy war, money was as indispensable as in any other kind, and however spiritually-minded the Christian soldier, he must have his pay and rations. As the expedition to the East was to be on a great scale, it was necessary that the preparations should be proportionate; and accordingly the king was hard put to it to raise the necessary funds. The hundred thousand marks left in the treasury by King Henry were by no means sufficient, so King Richard resorted to the usual royal expedients for raising the wind. In the first place, there were his subjects, upon whom he levied a tax, the tenth of all they had, and which, being called after the infidel Saracen, the Saladin tithe, and destined for a religious war, was, as far as can be learned, readily submitted to and promptly paid up.

There was, also, an ambitious ecclesiastic of the name of Hugh de Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, who had plenty of ready money, and was free to spend it when he could find a good bargain, who bought from

the king the temporalities of his see, the life-rent of the earldom of Northumberland, and the honor of Sudberg for ever, all in a lump. "Am I not," exclaimed the hearty king, "a cunning alchemist, thus to transmute an old bishop into a fine new earl?" The Bishop liking his first bargain so well, made another purchase of the king, who was ready to sell every thing, even London, if he could find a bidder, as he said. The prelate, this time, paid down a thousand silver marks, and got, in return, the office of chief justiciary, and the permission to remain at home, where his lordship might be secure from bodily harm, although he had previously vowed to join the crusade.

King Richard knocked down at auction public lands, towns, royal castles, fortresses, offices and dignities, bishoprics and abbacies, and whatever might find a bidder, and bring a mark to his treasury, which was no sooner filled than emptied by his extravagant expenditure for the coming Holy War. He got the round sum of twenty thousand marks from the king of Scotland, for which he released that monarch from all the obligations that had been extorted from him by the hard fighting of King Henry. He sold also his affection to his half-brother, Geoffrey, whom he took to his heart for three thousand marks. This was the son of the late king by the fair Rosamond, whose pious devotion to his father in his last moments we have recorded. He, in accordance with King Henry's wish, had been elevated to the see of York, as Archbishop.

Richard had not lingered, but Philip of France, who was bent on accompanying the English monarch to the Holy Land, had been before him in his preparations, and being impatient, sent messengers to England to remind Richard that Easter was approaching, the time appointed for their departure on the Crusade. Richard, surrounded by his earls, barons, and knights, who had taken the cross, went out to meet the messengers, and when gathered all together, the Frenchmen swore by the soul of King Philip, and the Englishmen by the soul of King Richard, that the respective monarchs would be ready at the time appointed.

Richard now had fairly drained England to its last mark, and so he made his arrangements for the government of the kingdom, preparatory to taking his departure. Hugh de Pudsey, the Bishop of Durham, in accordance with his bargain with the king, was made regent, and William de Mandeville, earl of Albemarle, was joined with him in the administration of the government. The latter, however, soon took his departure, and left the whole authority in the hands of the Bishop, who, in his turn, was obliged to yield up his office to the greater capacity of Longchamp, bishop of Ely and Chancellor of England.

The king now left for Normandy. While in this part of his dominions, Richard sent for Queen Eleanor, who went to him, accompanied by Alice, the betrothed of Richard, and in accordance with his

constant affection for his mother, made over to her several rich estates, in addition to those she already possessed, and decreed that she should be consulted, in the absence of her son, in affairs of state.

In the presence of a great assembly of Peers, the king exacted from his brother John, and his half-brother Geoffrey, archbishop of York, a solemn oath that they would not set foot in England for three years from the time of his departure. He however revoked, at a subsequent period, this restriction as far as it concerned his brother. John, although disappointed at losing the regency, was, in other respects, most generously treated, and had numerous earldoms in Normandy and England bestowed upon him, those in the latter country forming no less than a third part of the whole kingdom.

An intimate alliance was formed between Philip and Richard, such as has had no parallel in the history of France and England until our time, between Louis Napoleon and Queen Victoria, with this difference, that as the past was against, the present is in favor of the Turk. It is to be hoped that the issue of the existing friendly ties between the two countries may be more fortunate than that of the former. The two kings solemnly bound themselves on their oaths, to aid each other under all circumstances, to preserve the peace of both countries, mutually to protect each other's rights against foreign attack, and that in regard to the expedition they were undertaking, in

case of the death of either, the surviving king should become possessed of the treasure of the other and the command of his forces.

The setting-out of the expedition was postponed from Easter day until midsummer, in consequence of the death of the queen of France, King Philip's consort.

The plain of Vezelai, in the summer of the year 1190, was the scene of one of the most imposing military spectacles of former times. The armed hosts of Richard and Philip, which amounted in combination to more than one hundred thousand, were gathered together in full array, with the two kings in splendid suits of armor at their head, vying with each other in the proud display of all that was knightly and martial in their kingdom. The French and English knights rode about the plain, showing off, in friendly rivalry, their chivalrous bearing, and the marshalled thousands of England and France shared the proud spirit of their leaders, while an eager multitude, thronging from all parts of the country, looked on with admiring enthusiasm. Shouts of uncontrolled delight rent the air, and the auspicious scene was hailed as the assured triumph, in the future, of the cross of Christ, and the certain perdition of the infidel Turk. After an encampment of two days on the plain of Vezelai, the armies marched together to Lyons, where they parted. Philip went to Genoa, where his fleet of ships were in readiness,

and King Richard led his army to Marseilles. The English fleet, which was composed of over a hundred vessels, that had set sail for this port, had met with terrible storms, which had dispersed the ships and delayed them so much that they were five months in reaching Marseilles. At the present day, the same voyage, made for a similar purpose, the conveyance of English troops, has been accomplished, by the expedition of steam, in less than a fortnight.

There was a curious ordinance, among others, established by King Richard for the regulation of his ships, before they sailed from England. It ran thus: Any man convicted of theft, or "pickerie," was to have his head shaved, and hot pitch poured upon his bare pate, and over the pitch, the feathers of some pillow or cushion were to be shaken, as a mark whereby he may be known as a thief. This is the first record we have of *tarring and feathering*, which was so favorite an application in punishment of the sin of toryism during revolutionary times, and which continues to be, particularly in western and southern districts of our country, a cherished mode of marking an offender, where often the punishment is more obvious than the offense.

The English fleet met with some strange adventures in the course of its long voyage. The ships, in the Bay of Biscay, encountered a severe storm, which dispersed them. One was only saved from foundering by the good luck of having some hundred pious

men on board, who, according to the old chroniclers, called, in the emergency, upon the canonized Becket in heaven. St. Thomas, obedient to orders, turned out of his celestial bunk at once, in full rig, with crozier and pall, bringing with him his mess-mates, the Saxon king, Edmund, martyr and saint, and the sainted Nicholas, (not old Nick,) the good friend and patron of Jack. They all mustered on deck, and, lending a hand with a hearty good will, got every thing snug, taut, and trim again, and the good ship proceeded on her course.

In spite of this aid from above, the vessel, however, after coasting along the shores of Spain and Portugal, was found to be not very sea-worthy, and was forced to put in at Sylves, on the Portuguese coast, to the south. The people of that town happened just then to be in great alarm, in consequence of a threatened attack of Africans from the opposite shore. The Portuguese earnestly besought the Englishmen to lend them their aid, telling them that the Africans, being Mohammedans, were infidel enough to satisfy any Christian crusader. The Englishmen, after their long voyage and salt diet, were eager enough to flesh their swords, and were as thirsty for fresh blood as so many caged tigers suddenly let loose. The inhabitants of Sylves persuaded the crusaders to break up their ship and use the timbers as a barricade for their town, on the promise that they should have another vessel quite as large, when they were ready to continue their

voyage. Nine other of the fleet, by good luck, happened to put into the Tagus, a river in Portugal, and the king of that country begged the men aboard also to join him in a war against the Mohammedans. They consented; and with their aid, the English force, amounting to some five hundred, the Africans were completely routed.

The king then took it into his head to go down to Lisbon, where he had heard of the arrival of another portion of Richard's fleet, making, in all, some sixty-three ships at anchor in the Tagus. His majesty was somewhat startled at the host of fierce Englishmen he beheld. These, pious Crusaders as they were, turned out terrible roysterers ashore, and kept up all kinds of wild rioting and plunder, helping themselves out of the bloated pig-skins of wine, and becoming drunk and disorderly, knocking down the citizens right and left, and making free with the pretty Portuguese girls of Lisbon. The king, who was a good-natured monarch, and was truly grateful for the aid he had received from these unruly Englishmen, contented himself, at first, with an appeal to the English leaders of the expedition. Fresh riots, however, after a momentary repose, broke out, and the Lisbon citizens were obliged, in defense of their lives, wives, and property, to take up arms, and much English blood was spilt in consequence. The king then ordered the gates of the city to be shut, and all the Crusaders were locked up until

their ships in the Tagus, which now amounted to the large number of one hundred and six, were ready to start, when they were let out and sailed for Marseilles.

CHAPTER III.

RICHARD'S impetuous temper was sorely irritated by his disappointment in not finding his fleet at Marseilles. The king, unable to check his impatience, hired twenty galleys and ten great barks at that city, and putting to sea from this French port in the Mediterranean, with a part of his forces, sailed for Sicily. In the course of his voyage along the coast, he stopped at Genoa, where he overtook the French king, and thence sailed to the mouth of the Arno, and visited the fine city of Pisa in Italy. His vessel requiring repairs, he anchored her at Ostium, in the Tiber, near its mouth, but although within a few miles of Rome, did not visit the Eternal City. The bishop of Ostium came down to visit King Richard, and while offering him a welcome to the patrimony of St. Peter, took occasion to remind the royal debtor of a small account the Pope of Rome held in his holy ledger against his name. Richard did not like this ill-timed dunning, and instead of liquidating his debt paid off the episcopal bill-collector with abuse instead, and turned a cold shoulder upon Rome, and would not call upon the Pope. The royal ship having been refitted, the king again

embarked and sailed to Naples. He landed in this Italian city, and sent on his vessels to Salerno, preferring to proceed, himself, as far as the Straits of Messina, by land. King Richard's restless spirit soon tired of the confinement of ship-board, and, stalwart hero as he was, his comfort was said to have been very materially disturbed by that indisposition which is common to heroes as well as to more humble landmen; in a word, the king did not escape seasickness. At Naples, King Richard piously visited the sanctuary of St. Januarius, but although we learn he told his prayers in that holy place, it is not stated whether his eyes were gladdened by a sight of the wondrous miracle of the solidification and liquefaction of the saint's blood.

Naples gave great delight to the king, and, in spite of his impetuosity and haste, he lingered there several days, finding much enjoyment in the society of the renowned Italian beauties of that city. He tore himself away at last, however, from the delights of Naples, and mounting his horse, spurred on his way to Salerno. Here he awaited the arrival of the ships he had hired at Marseilles, and which he had sent on from Naples. In the mean time the king, who took a deep interest in all that pertained to learning and the arts, visited the famous medical school of Salerno, and found himself, for he also was a troubadour, quite at home among the scholars and poets of that cultivated city.

His vessels having arrived, Richard, giving his orders for the continuance of their voyage, took to horse again. His ride was a hard and dangerous one, but the bold king stopped at no obstacle and feared no risk. There were no roads in that day, and as it was during the rainy season, the mountain streams were swollen, which obliged the king and his single attendant often to swim their horses at the imminent risk of their lives.

As he was passing through a village, a fine hawk in the possession of a poor peasant caught the sportsman's eye of Richard, so, without more ado, he went into the poor man's hut and seized the bird. Its owner, who was a bold Calabrian, ran after the royal thief and demanded his own. The king refused the just demand, and would not unloose the hawk from where it was perched on his wrist. The countrymen of the wronged man took up his quarrel, and began a fierce attack with sticks, stones, and the long Calabrian knives, upon the king, who, drawing his sword, struck one of the fierce fellows with the flat of it such a blow that it broke in his hand. Richard was now forced to put his horse to his mettle, and fly for refuge to a neighboring priory, or else the bold king would have left his bones in Calabria. He made but a short stay in that neighborhood, and hurried on until he reached the Straits of Messina, which his fleet crossing from the Island carried him over to Sicily.

The king sailed into the Sicilian harbor of Messina

in full glory. The wind was fair, and, although not high, sufficiently strong to fill the unnumbered white clouds of sails which floated majestically before it, and to raise the myriad banners high and onward. The course was due west, and, as the morning sun rose behind the immense fleet, it tinged the spreading canopy of canvas with its golden glories, and brightened the red cross of the English standards with the glow of fire. The king, in full armor, pressed eagerly forward on the bow of the vessel, and raising his visor, darted his keen glances through the veil of mist which was fast rising before the coming sun. Amid the ringing of armor, the shouts of the English warriors, the neighing of the war-horses, and the clangor of the martial horns and trumpets, the great fleet anchored in the port, and the impatient Richard, his brave knights, and doughty soldiers hurried to the land.

The king of England had a good cause of quarrel with Tancred, who, at the time of his arrival in Messina, was ruling Sicily. Richard's sister, Joan, was the widowed queen of the late King William, who, leaving no issue, had bequeathed the crown to his aunt Constance. This princess had married Henry VI., the reigning emperor of Germany, but her natural brother Tancred, had usurped the rights that belonged to her and to Joan, and, by the force of arms, had established himself upon the throne. King Richard's widowed sister, Joan, opposed this usurpation, and

was, in consequence, imprisoned by Tancred. Richard's first act, like a good brother, was to insist upon his sister's release, which was granted without a moment of hesitation, by the usurper, Tancred, who sent her from Palermo, escorted by his royal galleys, to her brother at Messina. This did not satisfy, however, bold Richard, who also demanded that all the magnificent dower, the territories, the cities, the towns, the castles, the rich monasteries and their abounding treasures and wealth, should be instantly given up as well. Richard would not await the delay of negotiations, which Tancred proposed and expressed his willingness to enter upon, but began a foray, at once, by crossing the Straits of Messina, with a part of his army, and pouncing upon the town and castle of Bagnara, on the Calabrian side, left his sister there safely housed and garrisoned. He now returned to Messina, where, on the sea-shore in the neighborhood, a monastery had caught his military eye as a very suitable place for his own purposes, as it flanked on one side his army, which was encamped on the outskirts of the city. He accordingly drove out the monks and appropriated it for his own use, as quarters for his army and a depository for stores.

The English soldiers soon became unruly, and indulged in all kinds of riot and licentiousness. The citizens of Messina were naturally anxious to preserve their property and the honor of their wives and daughters, and when they found that neither one nor

the other was safe from the attack of these lascivious marauders, they rose against the English in the city, and having killed several, shut the gates against the English army. This was more than the unruly soldiers, who were not accustomed to yield to any resistance, however just, could endure; and they therefore rushed fiercely to the walls and would have scaled them, taken Messina by storm, and massacred the inhabitants. King Richard, however, hastily mounted his horse, and riding in their midst and laying about, right and left, with his truncheon, ordered them to desist, and the storm was quelled.

The disturbance led to a parley. Philip, the king of France, whose quarters were inside the town, taking with him some of the principal inhabitants of Messina, went out on the following morning to hold a conference with Richard, who, with his army, was encamped in the suburbs. While they were deliberating, a troop of Sicilians were descried gathered on a hill above, which commanded the English camp, and threatened apparently an attack. One of the Norman knights was wounded, in fact, by this invading force, and Richard, his quick eye seeing the danger, and his hot blood stirred by the audacious attempt, rushed out in the midst of the solemn deliberation, and, calling his men to arms, led them up the hill side. This sudden movement of the English was irresistible; the Sicilian multitude were driven helter-skelter from their position, and fled pre-

precipitately down a declivity of the hill, and took refuge, as they could, in a confused crowd within the walls of the city. The English followed closely at their heels, and some of the more precipitate and forward pressed into the town along with the flying people. The gates were then closed and the citizens of Messina prepared to defend themselves. Richard, however, soon brought his whole force to bear, and, scaling the walls, took the city by storm, and, leaving five of his bravest knights and twenty men-at-arms, dead in his bloody path, took possession of Messina, and raised the English standard upon its loftiest tower.

King Philip, who, for some time, had exhibited marks of an envious spirit, in consequence of the more aspiring character and daring courage of his ally, King Richard, now openly showed his rage and envy. He denounced the conduct of the English in storming Messina, as an invasion of his rights, as a feudal superior to the English king, and as an outrageous act of resistance to his will. To a demand made by the French king, that the English standard should be lowered from where Richard had planted it, and that the French standard should be put in its place, the latter answered: "Does he think that I will yield my conquests and the glory of the victory, to one who is not even a sluggish friend, but a perjured and vexatious enemy?"

Concord was at last established between the two

kings, through the influence of mutual friends, who saw in this quarrel a serious blow to the great cause of the crusade. By a compromise, King Richard consented to haul down the English standard, and commit the city to the control of the Hospitalers and Knight Templars, until the difficulty with Tancred might be settled to the satisfaction of King Richard. There was a show of friendship, rather than the substance, established between the two allied but rival monarchs. They renewed their former treaties, and conjointly established some new regulations for the improvement of the morals of the pious crusaders. These men, in spite of the holy pilgrimage they had entered upon, were by no means free of some of the failings of men engaged in more worldly occupations. The Crusaders, among other fashionable vices, were much given to gambling. Laws were promulgated for checking this prevalent practice. The kings were determined to enjoy a monopoly of the vice, and accordingly enacted that none should play without their command, and when the nobles were graciously permitted to do so by their royal masters, twenty shillings was the largest sum allowed to be lost in the course of a day and night, and if they transgressed these rules, they forfeited four times the amount. Archbishops, bishops, knights, priests, servants, and sailors were graduated, in amount of stake and fine, according to their rank and station. If the sailors were caught gambling, they were ducked in the sea

for three successive times, and servants and other humble varlets were whipped round the camp.

King Richard's busy energies were soon again at work. He seized the houses, galleys, and any thing else he could get hold of, the property of some of the great nobles of the country, who, not caring to remain at the beck and will of the imperious Richard, had left Messina. The monastery that the king had captured, he fortified, and dug round it a deep ditch, while he built a fort upon the top of the hill which commanded the English camp. These preparations gave great umbrage to the king of France, but they brought Tancred to terms with exceeding great dispatch, who thought, probably, that there was no use parleying with a man whose bold acts spoke so much more promptly and to the purpose than words. Tancred paid over to the English king, in lieu of all demands, forty thousand golden ounces, an immense sum in those days, one half of which was to satisfy the claim in behalf of Richard's sister, Joan, and the other as a sort of dower, paid in advance, on account of the infant daughter of Tancred, who was betrothed, on this occasion, to the nephew of the English King, Prince Arthur, who was the presumptive heir to the English throne.

Richard, being well supplied with funds, kept up great state at his new castle into which he had converted the monastery and taken up his quarters. He kept open house and gave a free welcome to all

comers; it made no difference whether his guests were French or English, or, in fact, from what part of the world they came, the same lavish hospitality was extended to all. His prodigal generosity made him hosts of friends, and he became almost as popular in the French army as in his own. He spent in a month, more than his father did in a whole year. On Christmas day there was a great banquet given in Richard's castle, to which he invited all the knights and gentlemen of both armies, and, after having feasted them sumptuously, gave to each, by the way of dessert, a round sum of money.

King Richard did not, however, waste all his time and his substance in riotous living. He busied himself in making preparations for his coming warfare in the Holy Land. He had his ships repaired; he cut down timber in the forests of Calabria, and constructed catapults and all kinds of warlike instruments, with which he designed to batter down the walls and castles of the Saracen.

Some how or other, whether it was the hard work or the harder living, Richard became melancholy, and took a serious turn. He gathered together all the bishops and priests he could muster in Messina, in a chapel, and falling down on his knees, in their presence, confessed his sins, and professed to be exceedingly penitent of the profligacy of his past career. The king being now in a religious mood, bethought him of one Joachim, a monk, who had great repute

in Calabria and the country round as a prophet and theological disputant. Richard was desirous of seeing this famous character, and having a set-to on points of religious doctrine with this formidable theologian. He accordingly sent for him to visit Messina, and after Joachim, soon after his arrival, had had his own way, for a long hour or so, on his favorite topic of the Apocalypse, in the course of which he was presumptuous enough to assert (evidently squinting at the Pope) that Antichrist was actually at that present time in Rome, the bishops and learned clerks took up the cudgels and roundly rated the prophet for his presumption, and disputed, with great warmth of temper and much vigor of lung, every doctrinal point he had raised. We do not learn who had the better of the argument, but the king is reported to have set down Joachim as a vain babbler.

The Crusaders were obliged to pass the whole winter in Messina, in consequence of the weather, which prevented the fleets from putting to sea with safety. King Richard's impatient spirit was much chafed by the delay, and he sought all kinds of diversion for relief to his restless temper. On one occasion he hastily mounted his horse and rode away alone to Mount Etna. This volcanic mountain had been lately in a state of active eruption, and was still burning. Richard forced his horse as far up to the edge of the volcano as the frightened animal would go, and contemplated the convulsive throes of nature

in harmony with his own fitful temper. In the dark clouds of smoke which rolled out from the summit of the burning mountain, and darkened the fair face of the land of the olive and the grape for miles around, relieved by occasional outbursts of vivid flame—and in the torrent of molten lava, which flowed down impetuously, overwhelming and blasting all it touched, the king beheld a scene in sympathy with his own disturbed heart, which had its convulsive throes of temper, its dark, impending clouds, and its flaming outbursts of passion; while Richard's impetuous course through the world, not unlike the river of fire which poured down the mountain-steep, deluged with ruin and death all that it overtook in its resistless flood.

From Mount Etna the king, agitated with the tumultuous scene he had just witnessed, pushed on at full speed, spurring his horse to the height of his mettle, and reached Catania, the Sicilian city, not far from the southern base of the volcano. Here he was met by Tancred. The kings, who now saw each other for the first time, embraced with much warmth, and proceeded at once to the cathedral church, where they both kneeled down before the shrine of St. Agatha, and offered up their prayers together. They soon became sworn friends. Richard was as hearty in his friendships as in his enmities, and although capricious in the selection of his friends, he gave his whole heart where he found a breast to receive it.

Tancred had had so far more occasion to fear than to love the English hero, but was doubtless glad enough of this opportunity to enroll himself on the side of the friends of the formidable king—the only security for those who came within the reach of his mighty arm. Presents were exchanged between them; Tancred gave Richard a costly ring, and Richard gave Tancred the enchanted sword *Calibrun*, once wielded by King Arthur of famous memory. The latter also, which was more to the English king's purpose, contributed to the crusade four large ships and fifteen galleys. In the course of the ride on the way to Messina, in which Tancred accompanied his newly-made friend for many miles, the latter handed a letter to Richard, which he pretended to have received from Philip of France, and in which the French king denounced the king of England as a traitor, who intended to break his word to Tancred. The letter, moreover, concluded with an offer, on the part of his majesty of France, to assist the Sicilian king in driving the English from Sicily. The lion-hearted king was fiercely wroth at the baseness, and swore by all the saints in the calendar that he would have vengeance for this slander. Recovering himself, however, he appeared to doubt that Philip could have been guilty of so base an act; but Tancred assuring him that there could be no doubt, Richard rode on gloomily and in silence.

On Tancred's departure, the English king, swear-

ing that he would have revenge, hurried on to Messina. When he arrived at the camp and met Philip, he fiercely charged him with the slanderous letter. The king of France, however, stoutly denied the charge, and threw back upon Richard the accusation that the letter was forged, as a pretext for a quarrel, and that the English king hoped in this way to break his vows to Philip's sister, Alice. Richard, in fact, had no love for this fair lady, and although in his father's life-time he had made so much ado about his rights to her hand, he acted merely for selfish purposes, that he might have cause of quarrel with King Henry, the wicked results of which have been already told in the course of this history.

The English king had in truth fallen in love with a beautiful daughter of the king of Navarre, of the name of Berengaria. Richard, in the course of a visit to her father's dominions, had become desperately enamored of the charming princess, who returned his passion with equal ardor. This occurred two years before the death of King Henry, so Richard, while he was rising in rebellion against his parent, under the pretense of his claim for Alice, was the whole time desperately in love with another. As soon as Richard became king, he sent his mother, Eleanor, to ask the hand of the beautiful Berengaria, who did not hesitate to accept the offer. This princess had no dower to bestow, and Richard asked for no political advantages from the father, as a con-

dition of taking his daughter ; so we have reason to believe that this was an example of true love, which royal marriages seldom present. The maiden at once consented to follow her betrothed to the Holy Land ; and so, placing herself under the care of Queen Eleanor, she joyfully set out to meet her lover. The two dames then travelled on together until they reached the castle of Eleanor's sister, Joan, a short distance from Messina. They remained there until the departure of King Philip from Sicily. In the mean time a strong affection sprung up between the sisters-in-law. An old chronicler says : " Dame Joan held her sister, Berengaria, very dear, and the two ladies lived together like two birds in one cage."

This love between the beautiful Berengaria and the ardent Richard was undoubtedly the great cause why Alice was rejected by the English king, who now flatly refused, to the face of Philip, to have any thing to do with his sister, adding, moreover, that he had good reason for doubting her virtue, and openly charging that she had criminal relations with the late King Henry. Philip was at first exceeding wroth at this charge against his sister's honor, and angrily exclaimed : " Let the English king beware, for I certify him if he leave her and take another, I will be his implacable enemy for ever." Richard, however, persisted, and Philip was fain to let off the English king, who promised to give up the princess's dower,

and pay over two thousand marks sterling, *per annum*, for five years, as a sort of make-weight for poor Alice's honor. This was strange conduct on the part of Philip; but it is supposed that there was some truth in the charges against the princess, and it was probably deemed more prudent not to insist too much upon the character of Alice, who consoled herself, when cast off by a king, by taking up with a noble, William, Count of Pathieu, whom she married. It is to be hoped she made amends for living as a bad princess, by conducting herself virtuously as a good countess.

The winter was now over, and the French and English prepared to set out for the Holy Land. The former sailed first, in the month of March of the year 1191. Such were the unkind feelings between the two monarchs that they preferred to go separately. As soon as Philip had left, Richard sent for his mother and the beautiful Berengaria. He was, however, so bent upon embarking for the Holy Land, that with all his impatience to make the charming princess his bride, he postponed his happiness, and devoted all his energies to the busy preparations for departure. Being finally ready, he dispatched his mother, Eleanor, who set out on her return to England. This lady had already made the "great passage," as it was termed in those days, in the company of her first husband, Louis of France; and although she had now reached a good old age, it was her recollec-

tion of the trials and difficulties of the voyage to the Holy Land, and not her want of vigor, which induced her to return home. The parting between Richard and his mother, who mutually loved with great affection, was very tender.

Richard having collected a great fleet, consisting of one hundred and fifty ships, fifty-two galleys, ten vessels laden with stores, and numerous small craft, took his departure, after having demolished the old monastery, which had been his castle, and all the fortifications he had constructed. Berengaria, under the matronly care of his sister Joan, accompanied him, but was delicately provided for in a ship apart from himself, one of the finest and largest vessels in the fleet being expressly fitted up for the use of the princesses, while the king took up his quarters on board of another ship.

The fleet moved gallantly through the Straits of Messina, carried rapidly along by the swift current. Crowds of Sicilians gathered on the shores to behold the ships as they passed, and great was their admiration of the noble sight of the gallant fleet, proudly bearing the king of England, his best beloved, his chivalry and all his hosts, to defy the tempests and the battle.

A fair wind bore the fleet prosperously on its course for some days. The ships kept company together, during this time; but a great storm arising when near the island of Candia, the ships were sorely

tossed and dispersed in all directions. Several of the fleet got safely into the island of Rhodes, among which was the ship which bore the king. At this place Richard was taken sick, which detained him for some days, but in the mean time he sent some of his fastest sailers in search of the missing vessels. Among these was the ship in which his betrothed Berengaria and his sister Joan had taken passage. The king was in a state of great anxiety for the uncertain fate of those whom he loved so deeply. The storm had been severe, and, although there was no vessel in the fleet better manned or appointed in every respect, he still, having been tempest-tossed himself, and almost wrecked, felt that there was good reason for alarm. Moreover, in those times, there was less confidence in the staunchness of a vessel and in the skill of the sailor than now-a-days, and the sea and the storm had ten-fold more horrors, and, in fact, dangers, in consequence of the unskillful ship-building and navigation.

One of the fast vessels that had been sent to look after the missing ships soon returned, bringing Richard a doleful account of disaster. Three of the finest ships of the fleet had gone ashore at Cyprus, while the vessel which conveyed the beautiful Berengaria and the princess Joan was lying off Limesol, a port on the southern edge of that island, in a damaged condition, having suffered severely in the storm. Many of the soldiers on board the three vessels that

had been wrecked on the coast of Cyprus, had been drowned in attempting to reach the land, while the rest, who succeeded in getting ashore in safety, were received by the inhabitants with a great show of friendship. They were, however, imprisoned under the pretext that it was necessary that they should await the orders of the emperor of the country before they could be allowed to go at large. They were confined in a neighboring castle, stripped of their armor, and kept closely guarded. Another ship belonging to the fleet happened to anchor off the island at this time, and the commander, knowing that his countrymen must be in need, sent to them a supply of provisions, of which he had an abundance on board of his ship, which had not suffered in the least by the storm. These supplies, on being landed, were immediately taken possession of by the authorities of Cyprus, and appropriated to their own use, while the Englishmen who had been wrecked were still kept in close confinement, harshly treated, and deprived of the necessaries of life. The prisoners, driven to desperation, were resolved upon making an attempt to save themselves. They knew if they remained where they were, death was certain, and, whatever might be the result of their determination, no change could be worse than their present desperate condition. The soldiers, therefore, made a bold effort to free themselves, and succeeding in tearing down the gates of the castle and killing their guards, issued

out. The inhabitants of Cyprus mustered in large numbers and opposed their approach. Though only armed with a few bows and rapiers, sufficient merely for a small portion of them, these brave Englishmen made such an onslaught on their opponents, that the throng of Cyprusites were kept off, and the soldiers succeeded in making their way to the harbor of Limesol. Here they found some of the crews and soldiers of other vessels that had put in there, in similiar straits with themselves, and engaged in a desperate scuffle with the inhabitants. Joining their forces, the Englishmen gained a complete victory, securing for themselves, for the present, a position near the town.

As for the vessel on board which the princesses were, it was deemed safer that she should ride at anchor, although severely damaged by the storm and requiring repairs. Richard's sister and bride were therefore still on board, within a short distance of the land, but did not venture ashore, fearing to put themselves at the mercy of the people of Cyprus.

A usurper of the name of Isaac, who grandiloquently styled himself emperor, was, at that time, ruler of the island of Cyprus. His people were rude barbarians, cruel, deceitful, and cowardly, and their emperor was no better. He and his subjects were Greeks, and Greek, in those days, as now, was deservedly a name of reproach. The Crusaders held them especially in contempt; for, notwithstanding their profession of the Christian faith, and their neighbor-

hood to the Holy Land, they refused to join in its defense. All other people despised these rude barbarians of Cyprus for their dastardly character and their frequent acts of piracy, plunder, and inhospitality. The mariner avoided their shores with fear and trembling, lest, being wrecked, he should be plundered and mercilessly destroyed by these wicked islanders.

The Emperor Isaac, who was a crafty man, in the course of a day or so made his appearance, and had a long talk with the shipwrecked Englishmen. He offered all sorts of excuses for his subjects, on the ground of their ignorance, and made the fairest promises for the future. He then invited the English to the hospitalities of his kingdom, gave them permission to make themselves at home in Limesol, and supplied them with provisions and liberal draughts of wine, in which that country abounded. These offers were gladly accepted and the crafty Isaac taken at his word, who no sooner had got them in his clutches, and supplied them well with wine, of which Richard's men were over-fond, than he took them captive and put them in prison. The fair words of Isaac were, however, not so persuasive in their effect upon the princesses, whom this wicked usurper would have been glad to have got in his power. They resisted all the kind invitations and generous promises of this crafty personage, and preferred all the discomforts of their ship to the tender mercies of

their would-be host. They, however, thought it safer to be very civil, and accordingly gave out that it was their intention, shortly, to avail themselves of the imperial hospitality. Their real purpose, however, was to conciliate the emperor of Cyprus, that they might be permitted to remain in security where they were until the bold Richard should come to the rescue.

CHAPTER IV.

KING Richard fretted grievously on his sick bed at Rhodes, when he heard of the cruel treatment of his brave followers at Cyprus, and the danger of his bride and sister. He swore that he would be revenged upon the insolent and deceitful Isaac, and, although not recovered from his illness, he sprung from his bed and ordered his ships to be made ready, that he might on the instant, hasten to the rescue of his beloved, and his valiant Crusaders. The king embarked and pushed on with all speed to Cyprus. On his arrival he hastened to assure himself of the safety of the fair Berengaria, and his sister Joan, who were still on board their vessel in the harbor, and who welcomed him with great demonstrations of love and confidence, as their best friend and surest protector.

Richard then promptly dispatched a messenger to the Emperor Isaac, summoning him to deliver up at once all the English, and whatsoever arms and property he had taken from them. The emperor did not seem to know with whom he had to deal, and was presumptuous enough to declare, in answer, that he would keep all that he had got, that the English were

intruders upon his land, and that he would neither deliver them up nor their property, and, moreover, he added, that if the king of England, himself, should have the audacity to land, he should be treated like his countrymen; for he neither feared nor cared for any of the Crusaders, great or small. This was bold language, such as Richard would brook from no man or sovereign in the world; and accordingly he ordered his boats to be got ready, and, filling them with armed men, his bowmen of England, the most skillful in Europe, and his Norman knights and warriors, he pushed on to the shore, determined to punish the insolent Isaac and the barbarians of Cyprus.

The emperor, preparing to meet the onset, had brought out the full array of all his forces. Thousands of archers were to be seen crowding in thick rank and file the walls and the towers, while the Cyprus cavalry manœuvred on the shore, and a fleet of boats, manned with soldiers, sailed out into the harbor to oppose King Richard's approach. The lion-hearted monarch first attacked the armed boats, and fighting a hand-and-hand struggle with those on board, overcame them, threw them into the sea and took possession of their craft. His famous English marksmen kept the archers of Cyprus at bay, while Richard and his men approached the land. The king did not, in his impetuosity, wait until his boats touched the shore, but leapt overboard, where the water was up to his middle, followed by his brave fellows, and

dashed in among the horsemen that were stationed on land to resist him. He was surrounded by the host of cavalry, but his iron arm and mighty heart never failed him. He struck the boldest with dismay and kept them off, until his men, coming up to his aid, the throng about him were scattered; and Richard, springing at the bridle of a horse of one of the enemy with one hand, and hurling down the rider with his other, leapt into the vacant seat and made for Isaac, the emperor, whom he singled out from a thickly-set body-guard, by his shining armor and royal crown. Richard shouted out, as he dashed toward him, "Ho! lord emperor, come, if thou darest, and meet me hand to hand." Isaac was loth to come any nearer to the fierce Richard, and showed his discretion by plunging his spurs into his horse's sides at the summons, and trusting to his horse's speed for safety. The Cyprus troops followed their emperor's example, and there was a general flight of the enemy. They escaped to the town of Limesol and closed the gates; but the English in pursuit burst them open and rushed into the place, while the people of Cyprus fled head-long out of it. Richard and his men were now in full possession of all they wanted; Limesol supplied them with comfortable quarters, abundance of provisions of all kinds, and no small treasure, which had been left behind, in the precipitate retreat of the citizens.

The king now prepared for the reception of the

princesses, and on the next morning they both landed and were handsomely provided for in Limesol, and Richard was enabled, by the forced prodigality of the citizens, to celebrate the occasion by a generous feast.

The English king was now on the look-out for further adventure, and accordingly determined to seek it in the interior of the island. He first, however, had his horses landed from the fleet, and although the animals had suffered greatly from the voyage, the king selected fifty of those in best condition, and causing some of his boldest knights to mount, led them into the country, in search of the adventures he so much longed for.

Isaac, in the mean time, had gathered from all parts of the island a great force, with which he was encamped in a valley, a few miles distant from Limesol, and with which he intended to attack the English, and drive them from Cyprus. Richard and his knights were riding leisurely along a plain, not far from the city of Limesol, when they were beheld by a large body of Cyprus horsemen, who had gone out to reconnoitre. The latter sounded a challenge at once, as they thought they might safely do, as their own force so greatly outnumbered the scarce half-hundred, all told, of Richard's knights. The English king drew up his horsemen on the instant, and listening for a while to the defiant trumpet, caught a glance of the Cyprus cavalry in an olive grove,

where they had halted ; and Richard's men, digging their spurs into their horses' flanks, galloped at full speed after the enemy. The horsemen of Cyprus did not await the approach of the English, but hastily scampered away, and escaped to the camp, where Isaac and his army were stationed in the valley. Richard had nearly come up with them, but halted within a short distance, and taking his station upon an eminence, looked down into the valley, where he beheld the army of Cyprus, encamped on the borders of a winding stream, with the busy soldiers moving hastily about.

Richard and his men were quickly discerned, and the outposts tried to dislodge them by a shower of arrows. The boldest of the English knights were for putting spurs to their horses and throwing themselves upon the camp below at once, while some of the less daring, alarmed at the overwhelming numbers of the army of Isaac, were for the less dangerous expedient of retreat. Bold Richard's answer to the spokesman of the latter party, Hugo De Mara, a learned theologian, (who had been taken along that the knights might have the benefit of clergy,) showed very clearly on which side Cœur-de-Lion's fearless spirit ranged itself: "Sir clerk," said the king, "we soldiers meddle not with your profession, neither do we presume to interpret the Scriptures. I pray you do likewise, and suffer us to deal with you rabble as we see fit."

Richard would listen to no advice against what some of his knights, men of tried courage, could not but deem the wildest madness; but shouting to his men to follow him, urged his steed down the precipitate descent, and dashed right into the midst of the camp. King Richard singled out, as usual, the emperor himself, and unhorsed him with a single blow from his lance, and would have taken him captive, but some of Isaac's attendants came to their master's rescue, and hurriedly mounting the emperor upon a fresh horse, galloped away with him in safety from the field.

The army being dismayed with the terrible onslaught and daring courage of King Richard and his knights, fled precipitately, throwing away their arms, their helmets, lances, and their standards, in their headlong flight; and escaping up the sides of the mountains in the rear of the camp, sought refuge in the fastnesses. The emperor Isaac left behind, as a prize to the victors, great stores of provisions, which were estimated at an enormous value; and such was their abundance that King Richard and his fifty knights, although they had won them, could not carry them off; so they were forced to send to Limesol for a large number of men to come to their aid, and bear away what had been so gallantly obtained.

The emperor now found that it was in vain to oppose the English, and eagerly sought an interview with King Richard, that terms might be agreed upon,

by which Cyprus and its inhabitants should have some chance of escape. Isaac came from his capital of Nicosia, in the centre of the island of Cyprus, where he had retreated, and met Richard, by appointment, in a plain near the city of Limesol. The English king rode on a fine Spanish horse, richly caparisoned, and wore a splendid suit of silk and gold, while his expression was gay, and his bearing gallant and chivalrous. Isaac came as a humble suppliant; and as he ever had, in harmony with his deceitful character, a contracted, mean look, on this occasion his bearing seemed doubly mean and spiritless in the presence of the frank and courageous Richard. Of course Isaac felt himself wholly at the mercy of the English, and was ready to grant any concessions demanded. Richard was determined to make him pay roundly for his inhospitality to his people, who, without any fault of their own, had been thrown upon his mercy. He accordingly forced him to pay down in gold a handsome sum as a compensation for the wrong he had done; to give up all his castles; to swear fealty to the king of England; and collecting 500 infantry, 400 light horse, and 100 knights, to follow Richard to the Holy Wars.

Isaac, moreover, was required to hand over his beautiful daughter, to whom he was affectionately devoted, as a hostage for the fulfillment of his engagement. She was to be restored on the return from Palestine, together with all the castles and other property in

Cyprus, provided Isaac should keep his word and behave himself properly during the expedition to the Holy Land. The emperor eagerly consented to these terms, hard as they were, but he had no sooner got away from the threatening eye and resolute presence of Richard than he yielded to the influence of one of his officers of the name of Caiaphas, who easily persuaded the traitorous emperor to an act of deceit, to which the low cunning of his nature made him prone. Isaac left Limesol precipitately on the very night of the conference with Richard, during which he had solemnly bound himself to the terms that have been mentioned, and proceeded to Famagosta, a town on the eastern side of Cyprus, where he prepared again to attack the English. Richard was ready for the emergency, and acted with his usual spirit and promptitude.

There happened to arrive just at this time in Cyprus, a man of note, Guy of Lusignan, who was engaged in a contest with Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, for the empty honor of the throne of Jerusalem. He had come to solicit the aid of King Richard in his behalf, which was heartily tendered him, although his opponent was much the better man, and had secured the advocacy of King Philip of France, and the stronger part of the Crusaders. As Guy was at hand, Richard was glad to avail himself of his aid in punishing Isaac of Cyprus; so he sent him, placing under his command a sufficient force, to besiege the

city of Famagosta by land, while he himself proceeded by sea to blockade the mouth of the harbor. The English king thus hoped to secure the emperor by cutting off all chance of escape. When Guy reached Famagosta, he found that Isaac had, in expectation of his arrival, betaken himself with great dispatch to the interior of the island, and taken refuge in a castle, which, from its position on the steep of a mountain, was almost unapproachable by any large force. Three castles fell successively before the approach of Guy, in one of which the beautiful daughter of the emperor of Cyprus was found, and taken captive. This entirely overcame her father, who loved his child with the deepest affection.

He left his mountain retreat and threw himself at the feet of Richard, declaring he was ready to give up every thing he had on earth, if the English king would only restore to him his beloved daughter. Richard, although he despised the abject monarch, whose ruin was his own fault—for he had first provoked the attack of the English, by his insolence, and then yielded to it, through his cowardice—still pitied the father. Accordingly Isaac was led to his daughter, and they embraced with the most tender emotions. They remained folded in each other's arms for a long time, mingling their tears, now of joy at their meeting, and again of sorrow at their misery. Isaac asked of Richard the boon of being chained with silver fetters, which was granted to him, as a concession to his im-

perial dignity. The former ruler of Cyprus was kept in close confinement until the departure of the English for the Holy Land, when the captive monarch was conveyed to Palestine, and imprisoned in a castle on the sea-shore there, where he lingered out a captivity of four years, until his death. The silver fetters are said to have soothed the fallen emperor's pride, if they did not diminish the weight of his chains, or the severity of his bodily sufferings.

Previous to Isaac having thrown himself upon the mercy of Richard, the latter, who had proceeded by sea to the attack on Famagosta, landed, and finding this town in possession of Guy, marched to the capital, Nicosia, where the inhabitants did not await an assault, but yielded themselves up at once, without striking a blow. The English king insisted upon these people shaving their beard, as a token of submission; this was all that was asked of them, which they of course did not pretend to resist. The English were now complete masters of the whole island. The emperor a captive at the mercy of the conquerors; his only child and heir in their power; and the people submissive, Cyprus could be disposed of at the will of Richard. Isaac was kept a close prisoner; his daughter was given to Berengaria, as her attendant, and became, it is believed, her rival; and the inhabitants of Cyprus were forced to contribute profusely to the expenses of the Crusade. Richard taxed his new subjects to the amount of half their movable

property, and obtained a supply of provisions and stores that contributed greatly to the success of his expedition to the Holy Land. The people of Cyprus were thus enlisted by the conquest of Richard, notwithstanding their proverbial indifference to the Crusades, among the greatest though compulsory benefactors of the holy cause.

It was now only a month since Richard's first arrival at Cyprus, and in that short period he had accomplished all these great undertakings. The king now found leisure to fulfill his vows to the beautiful Berengaria, and accordingly he celebrated his marriage with this princess. The bishop of Evreux, who accompanied the expedition, performed the ceremony, anointed and crowned the bride, and she became the Queen of England, a lofty station, to which her virtues well entitled her.

The Crusaders were now ready to set out for the Holy Land; and the king, intrusting the government of Cyprus to Richard de Camville and Robert de Turnham, two of his bravest and most trusty barons, embarked his forces, and prepared to sail for Acre. Messengers had been sent to him from Philip, and the other Crusaders engaged in the siege of that famous city, urging him to hasten his departure from Cyprus. The temper of the king could bear no interference, and he received the messengers with evident marks of irritation. Richard angrily replied that he knew his own business best, and did not want, as he would

not listen to, any suggestions from the French king who, no doubt, had sent the embassy in order to divert the English from their conquest of Cyprus, the fame of which had reached the Holy Land, and had excited the envy of Philip.

The Crusaders, however, stood greatly in need of King Richard's aid. The siege of Acre had now been carried on for two years, without effect upon the enemy. The Christians were still outside the walls, and all their attempts upon the strongly-fortified city had ingloriously failed. The Christian forces had, moreover, during this time, suffered terribly. Those whom the sword of the infidel Turk had spared, were struck down by the vengeance of God. Six hundred thousand human beings (according to some accounts, although the estimate of others is only 150,000) were said to have been destroyed during the two years of the siege, by the enemy and the pestilence. Of these six were archbishops, twelve bishops, forty earls, and the rest of the "meaner sort." The Crusaders were in great distress; for, in addition to their fearful losses, they were hard pressed by the brave Saracen leader, Saladin, who occupied the heights in the neighborhood of Acre, and threatened at every moment with his army to overwhelm the weakened and dispirited Crusaders.

The great King Richard was truly much needed, and he determined now to hasten to the rescue of his brethren of the cross. He accordingly set sail for

Cyprus with all his fleet, the rest of his missing ships which had been dispersed by the storm, having, greatly to the satisfaction of all, put into the harbor in safety, a few days before Richard's departure.

The ships, after leaving Limesol, coasted along the southern edge of Cyprus, and when they reached the eastern extremity of that island, boldly put to sea, directing their course to the shores of Syria, and first made the land in the neighborhood of Tortosa. They now sailed to the south, hugging the land close, and passing the renowned cities of Tripoli, Biblos, the modern Djobail, and Beritos, now called Beyrout, hove in sight of Sidon, (Saidan,) where they could see in the distance a large vessel lying off that port. The English fleet made directly for her, and, coming up within hailing distance, Richard demanded what she was and whither bound. To which he received the reply that she was a ship belonging to the king of France, and was engaged in the service of the Crusaders. The king, suspecting that this answer was framed to deceive the English with the idea that she was a friend, and having reason to suppose her to be an enemy, hailed the ship again. At this time, the answer was that she was a Genoese trader, bound to Tyre.

It became evident, now, that it was an enemy's vessel, trying to escape under false colors, and the English made ready to board her. One of the swiftest galleys of the fleet was dispatched for this

purpose, and, making all speed, came within a boat's length of her, when those on board received from the enemy such a discharge of stones and missiles of all kinds that they were obliged to haul off. The enemy's ship then made a desperate effort to escape by means of their oars, (oars being used in almost all vessels in those days,) which they plied with a will, and, although the wind had lulled almost to a calm, so hearty was the pull, and so great the vigor of the oarsmen, that there seemed a fair chance of her escape. Richard looked on with angry impatience, and ordering his own ship in pursuit, succeeded in coming up with the flying vessel, but was repulsed in the same way as the galley. .

The king was driven to an agony of rage, when, with all his attempts, the enemy seemed sure of escape. His famous archers tried their skill, but their arrows struck without effect in the lofty bulwarks of the vessel, or fell down harmless into the sea; and every attempt to board was repelled by such a shower of deadly missiles, that the attack was about being given up by Richard's men, as hopeless. "What!" cried out the lion-hearted king, "will you let that infidel escape? Cowards, if you do I will nail every one of you on the cross. Shame! once more to the attack, and if you master that fellow, all the treasure on board shall be yours." This appeal stirred the flagging courage of his men to desperation, and, coming up again with the enemy, some of the sailors

passed a rope around the rudder to prevent her steering, while others clambered up her lofty bulwarks and met the thronging Turks in a hand-to-hand struggle. The Englishmen, however, were repelled and thrown back dead into the sea. Attempt after attempt failed, the men of Richard, at each renewed assault, being bravely met by the Turks, who fought with great courage, and showed no disposition to give up the ship. The enemy now began to use the inextinguishable Greek fire, which, burning upon water, threatened to overwhelm the English ships in a general conflagration.

Richard, finding it useless thus to sacrifice his brave followers and endanger his fleet, gave up all efforts to board the enemy, and determined, as he could not capture, he would sink the ship. The king accordingly ordered the galleys, which had a sharp iron beak at their bows, to get under full headway with the oars, and force themselves, stem on, against the sides of the ship. Her timbers soon gave way, and she began fast to make water and settle down. Those on board, in their never-failing courage, asked for no mercy and received none, but continued desperately to defend their ship as long as she could float, and, when she was going down, plunged into the sea, where all the crew and soldiers, who amounted to nearly fifteen hundred, were either drowned or massacred by their merciless opponents. Thirty-five of the principal officers were

saved, to whom the mercy of the insatiable conquerors was alone extended, that they might grace Richard's cruel triumph.

The vessel proved to be a Saracen ship of the largest size, carrying stores and troops to the formidable Saladin at Acre. Her cargo is said to have been made up of more than a hundred camel-loads of arms, crossbows, bolts, lances, arrows, warlike engines of every kind, a great stock of the inextinguishable Greek fire, and *glass bottles filled with hundreds of venomous serpents*, which the Turks intended to use against the Christian crusaders by throwing them into their camp! The destruction of the ship was, of course, a triumph for the holy cause, and Richard gloried in his bloody victory.

From the coast of Sidon, which was the scene of this naval engagement, the English fleet proceeded on the same day, to Tyre, where they anchored for the night, and sailed, next morning, with a favorable wind, and in a few hours arrived in the harbor of Acre, on the 8th day of June, in the year 1191.

Great was the joy in the Christian camp, on the arrival of King Richard. His fame had extended far and wide, and the Crusaders looked to him as their only hope in their great need. The French king had failed to do them any effectual service, and the soldiers of the cross still remained before the city of Acre, as they had done for two years, mocked by its infidel inhabitants, and threatened by the army of the

great Saladin, which impended over the seemingly fated Christians from the heights of Mt. Carmel, ready to overwhelm them in its merciless torrent. Siege after siege had been attempted against the strong city in vain. The walls were no sooner scaled than the daring invaders were hurled back in death, breaches no sooner opened than they were refilled by the indefatigable Turks, and all trace of the assault washed away in Christian blood. For some weeks previous to King Richard's arrival, the Crusaders had given up every effort in almost hopeless despair.

On the approach of the English fleet, which had been observed in the distance preparing to enter the port, the soldiers deserted their camps, and thronged upon the shore, to catch a glance of the great Richard. His prowess was familiar to all; but there were many who, though his blow had resounded through Christendom, had never beheld that arm of might from which it fell. When the story of the deeds of the renowned hero went the round of the camp, there were those who had seen him in France and Normandy, who would delight to talk of the great Richard, and describe his mighty presence; his commanding look and his eye, which struck terror to the heart of his enemy; his towering stature and stalwart figure; his long and powerful arms; his firm seat and skillful horsemanship; the impetuosity of his onset in the fight; the might of his blow and the cer-

tainty of his aim. Nor did they fail to dwell upon his good fellowship with all his friends, whether king or soldier; his hearty love of a jest; his convivial enjoyment over a tankard of ale, or a goblet of sack; and his liberal nature, which led him to spend his treasure with a full hand, and share it with a generous heart. Great was the eagerness to behold the hero; nor was the heightened expectation disappointed on his arrival. He was welcomed with loud huzzas, mingling with the sound of the drum and the trumpet, and that day was one, such as had not cheered the weary pilgrims of the cross for many a month, of great revelry and enjoyment in the camp of the Crusaders; for the mighty Richard had arrived, and his presence was an assurance of safety and a certain promise of success. The peals of merriment which rang out from the happy Crusaders must have tolled an echo of doom within the walls of Acre, and prostrated the Turks in fear of coming death, as it was a joyous lifting of the hearts of the Christians, in their hope of approaching victory.

King Richard commenced operations immediately on his arrival. He lost not a moment; and although, with his true love of fame, he was rejoiced to find that all had been left for him to do, he could not but look with contempt upon the want of energy that had been shown by those who had arrived before him. King Philip was disposed to have hazarded an assault upon Acre, but he failed to obtain the consent of the other

Crusaders, who evidently had not that confidence in the French king that they had in his great rival.

The English king landed with the greatest dispatch his army and military stores, and set his men to work constructing those warlike engines with which he proposed to batter the walls, to hurl stones and other missiles into the city, and protect the besiegers in an attack. Nor did he spare his own personal efforts, but labored like the meanest common soldier at all the works.

Although the king of France had welcomed Richard on his arrival with an apparent sincerity, there is no doubt that he was sorely disturbed by the presence of the lion-hearted king. Their old quarrels were still fresh in the remembrance of both, and Philip had new cause of an unfriendly feeling to his rival, in the greater admiration which the fame and character of Richard commanded in the camp of the Crusaders. Until the arrival of the English king, the French monarch was the personage of the highest rank among the Crusaders, and held the supreme authority. With Richard, as king of England, he had to divide whatever was claimed on the score of rank, and yield to him all that belonged to superior genius and greater prowess.

The French king was secretly ranged, no doubt, from the first, among the enemies of Richard, and with him was associated the Marquis Conrad of Tyre. The latter naturally took sides against

the English king, for Cœur-de-Lion had openly espoused the cause of Conrad's competitor, Guy of Lusignan, for the crown of Jerusalem. In order to understand this rivalry between Conrad and Guy, we must call to mind the history of the succession to the throne of Jerusalem. Guy of Lusignan had married Sybilla, the heiress to the crown, and had thus become possessed of the title of king; and though the successful invasion of the Saracens, led by Saladin, had deprived him of his kingdom, he was acknowledged by the Crusaders as king of Jerusalem. His queen, Sybilla, however, died, leaving no issue; but she had a younger sister, of the name of Isabella, who, having married the Marquis Conrad of Tyre, claimed the throne for her husband, while Guy of Lusignan maintained that the royal title could not be alienated, and persisted in his right to the throne. This question divided the Crusaders into two opposing factions, which seriously embarrassed the unity of action of the Crusade, and led to many serious obstructions to the holy cause.

Guy de Lusignan had secured Richard on his side, by his politic visit to the king when at Cyprus. The Flemings, the Pisans, and the Knight Hospitallers of St. John were of the same party. Conrad was, on the other hand, seconded by Philip of France, the Templars, the Genoese, and the Germans. Richard was a host in himself, and by his advocacy of the cause of Guy, gave it the predominancy over that of his rival.

The French king, about this time, had serious intentions of abandoning the Crusade, and returning to France, where he had ambitious designs of his own, with which he had no reason to fear any interference, and might be thus relieved from the annoying superiority of his great rival, the king of England.

A day was now fixed for a vigorous assault upon the hitherto impregnable Acre. Richard had made all his preparations with consummate art, and arranging his engines in a manner best suited for their efficient operations, he led out his forces, ready to begin the attack. Philip, having quelled his envious feelings for a while, seconded these preparations with a spirit of generous rivalry, and the French, as well as the other Crusaders, showed themselves eager to support the common cause. The camp was in a state of excitement, fierce for the charge and confident of success. The Crusaders, however, were destined to great disappointment. The English king was suddenly taken ill, and was carried to his tent and thence to his couch. It was soon discovered that he was suffering from an attack of the pestilent fever of the country, to which his great labors, by night and by day, had predisposed him. He became immediately so prostrated by the disease, that he was unable to lead his brave English to the assault for which he had made so great preparation, and of the success of which he had so confident a hope. The Crusaders were sadly disheartened by this misfortune, and were desirous of postponing the attack upon Acre.

Philip, however, eager to avail himself of this opportunity to steal a march upon the sick king, resolved not to await his restoration to health, but to lead the Crusaders at once against the city. The Saracens within the walls of Acre became aware of the proposed attack, and, sending a messenger to inform Saladin, who was at the head of his forces, ranged upon the acclivity of Mt. Carmel, this able commander prepared for the emergency with his usual spirit and consummate skill. He drew up his army in such a way as to attack the rear of the Crusaders. Philip, ordering the engines to be brought to bear against the walls of the city, commenced the assault with great spirit; but no sooner had his forces begun to ply the battering-rams and work the catapults, than Saladin bore down with a tremendous onslaught upon the rear of the Crusaders. Geoffrey of Lusignan, the brother of Guy, who had been stationed with a considerable force so as to counteract this expected manœuvre, gave way before the furious charge of Saladin, but calling to his aid some of those engaged at the walls, and performing prodigies of valor himself, he rallied his troops and recovered his position. Saladin was obliged to betake himself again to the heights of Mt. Carmel; but his manœuvre had so far succeeded as to draw off the Crusaders from Acre, and force the French king to cease from his attempt for the present.

CHAPTER V.

THE unsuccessful attempt to storm Acre, which we have described in the preceding chapter, was a sad discouragement to the Crusaders, and a heavy blow to the French king. Philip had sought the occasion of Richard's prostrate condition on a bed of sickness, to gain for himself alone the immortal fame of a successful issue to the long siege of the strongly fortified city, which had bid defiance, for two years, to the persevering efforts of the Christians. The French king retired to his tent with his pride deeply wounded; nor was he enabled for some weeks to show himself in the camp; for, in addition to his humbled spirit, he was laid prostrate by the same fever which now extended the English king upon a bed of sickness.

In the mean time, however, the restless spirits of the Crusaders were not inactive, and during the illness of the two monarchs, several renewed assaults were directed against the walls of Acre. The besieged, however, had the advantage in all these encounters; they beat off the invaders time and again, destroyed their engines by means of large stones which they threw over the walls, and set fire to the lofty wooden

towers, which had been built by the Crusaders to command the town and afford a secure position for their bowmen, from which they might pour down their destructive torrents of bolts and arrows upon the inhabitants. The Turks had a supply of the Greek fire, which would burn upon the surface of water, and the flames of which clung to every thing it touched, until smoke and ashes left nothing for its destructive grasp. The Saracens poured torrents of this fire over the walls, which drove the besiegers before its burning current, and leaping upon the outworks and spreading its sheets of flame everywhere, wrapped tower and terrace in ruin. An attempt was made, but in vain, to check the conflagration which ensued. The works of the Crusaders were of wood, and of course easily yielded to the fire. The use of hides spread over the towers and the other structures, which were supposed to resist the flames of the Greek fire, proved of no avail, and the Crusaders were forced to look on in hopeless despair, at the irresistible destruction of the fruit of their long labor.

Philip soon recovered from his fever, and sought, while the English king was still prostrate—for Richard's attack had been much the more severe, and he was yet unable to move from his couch—to wipe away the disgrace of his former failure by another assault upon Acre. Before the French king was able to bear the weight of his armor, he was abroad in the camp, and was to be seen, in person, at all hours,

directing the works for his renewed attack. The plan he now pursued, consisted in undermining the walls of Acre, propping them up with wooden beams, with the intention, when the assault should begin, of setting fire to the props, with the expectation that as these gave way, the walls would yield and a breach be opened, through which the Crusaders might rush upon the devoted Turks. This work was carried on with great spirit, and promptly accomplished in the course of a few weeks.

All now being ready, those who had been stationed with torches in their hands for the performance of the duty, at a given order, set fire to the wooden supports, which, as they burned, yielded, and the wall with them. The Crusaders were now drawn up, with their battle-axes and lances poised, and their bows drawn, eager for the onslaught, watching with anxious hearts the yielding walls. Sad, however, was the disappointment, when it was found that the plan had failed. The walls, instead of falling into ruins and thus opening a breach into the city, merely yielded, sinking into the earth and inclining slightly outward. The impetuous Crusaders, however, hastily seized their scaling ladders, and planting them against the walls, thronged up to the heights, where the resisting Turks met the rushing multitude with their opposing might, and dashed them off into the abyss of death. The people of Acre fought with resistless courage, and each ladder raised

to their walls and soldier who mounted it, were hurled to the ground. Alberic, a marshal of France, one of the noblest and bravest of the French chivalry, had sworn that day to conquer Acre or die. He planted his scaling ladder against the wall, and first mounting it, sprung upon the battlement, driving off with his single arm the throng of opposing Saracens. His soldiers followed in crowds after him, but, clinging in such numbers to the ladder, broke it by their weight, leaving the brave Alberic to defend himself, single-handed, against the enemy's host. He yielded up his brave spirit in death to the countless hands of his opponents, having died fighting hopelessly against fearful odds upon the walls of Acre. This cast a great gloom over the Crusaders, for Alberic was one of the bravest knights and noblest gentlemen enlisted in the holy cause.

We have said nothing of the whereabouts of Saladin and his army during this unsuccessful attack upon Acre. This brave Saracen, as before, led his forces down from his mountain encampment, and attacked the camp of the Crusaders, who, however, being better prepared for him on this occasion, forced Saladin back to his quarters without his being able, as hitherto, seriously to harass the rear of the Christian army.

The Crusaders having ceased their hopeless efforts and given up, for the present, the attempt to storm the city, King Philip withdrew hastily and dejectedly

to his tent, and now, for a second time, was forced to fret his heart with disappointment.

Richard now began to recover, much to the encouragement of the disheartened Crusaders. The spirited king was no sooner able to leave his couch than he busied himself at once with the preparations for trying his fortune against the resisting Acre. There was a lofty tower, which raised its threatening aspect high above the battlements of the city, and which was known by the name of the Wicked Tower, from tradition having attributed the expense of its erection to the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas Iscariot had sold his Master. It had hitherto resisted every attack, but the resolute Richard was not to be frightened by the failure of any man, however heroic, who had gone before him; and he determined to carry the Wicked Tower, in spite of the misfortune of the past and the fear of the present. In order to protect his men while working the battering-rams, he constructed a large shed, the roof of which he contrived, by some means or other, to make fire-proof, and instead of weakening his forces by dispersion, he determined to concentrate their efforts against the Wicked Tower alone.

The king having completed his shed, then moved beneath it his battering-rams and engines, designed for casting missiles into the besieged city, and for which he had a supply of enormous stones he had brought from Messina in ballast. All being

ready, the attack commenced, the whole effort being directed against the Wicked Tower. While the miners were busy in undermining the foundations of the tower by their excavations, the battering-rams, which Richard's plan of concentrating his men afforded an opportunity of applying with unusual power, were driven with great force against the walls. The tower, trembling under these heavy blows, and tottering upon its weakened base, the foundations of which had been sapped, began soon to yield, and, inclining fearfully for a moment, finally fell over with a crash that resounded through the camp. A breach was thus made, to which the impetuous English thronged, led on by the Earl of Leicester and the fighting Bishop of Salisbury. Richard had sent word to the other Crusaders of his success; but without awaiting their coming up, ordered the attack. The fall of the lofty tower had so encumbered the breach with its ruins, that there was great difficulty in clambering up to it, and the Turks guarded the entrance with such dogged determination that the fury of each successive onslaught of the English, unsated by the torrents of blood which flowed, and the numberless dead who fell that day in the name of the Holy Cross, was met by their resolute enemy, whose firmness resisted every shock, and in whose ranks death seemed to make no gap. As those in front fell before the attack of the Crusaders, others on the instant sprung to their dead comrades' places; and such were the

swarms of devoted Turks within the city, that the English seemed likely to give way from the mere fatigue of slaughter. The struggle, however, continued for a long time with no apparent gain on either side. The Turks now commenced hurling missiles from the walls above upon the English in the breach, and to pour down upon them torrents of the Greek fire, which, deluging the men with its liquid flames, entered the interstices of their armor, and burned the flesh to the bone. The soldiers could not resist this, and were obliged to draw off from the walls. The English had been well seconded by their allies, the men of Pisa, in their desperate assault; but Philip's jealous spirit had caused him to withhold his soldiers, and consequently the force engaged was comparatively small.

The Saracens speedily repaired the breach during the night, and in the morning the Crusaders found that their labor would have to commence again. Richard's resolute spirit, however, never faltered, and he was prepared to begin anew with his resources and courage unexhausted.

The Saracens, however, were now tired out, and proposed a capitulation. The besieged had been disappointed in obtaining supplies. The active watchfulness of the English and French fleets, which kept hovering up and down the coast, prevented any aid by sea, and Saladin and his forces were cut off by the English camp from affording any relief by land.

There was one strange incident, the mystery of which has never been cleared up, which greatly interfered with the success of the plans of the enemy. Whenever any thing important was in contemplation by the besieged, the Crusaders were sure to be informed of every particular of the proposed design. Letters attached to arrows were constantly falling into the English camp, shot from within the walls of Acre, which exposed the minutest details of the tactics of the Saracens. The writer was supposed to be a person of high rank, for he was evidently informed of what could only be learned by those in authority. The writer stated that he was a Christian, but gave no further information of his history or his position. It was suspected by many that he was some European renegade from his faith, whose heart was still with his countrymen, but his interest with the Turks; while others imagined that it might be a captive Christian beauty, whose influence over some Turkish dignitary, to whose infidel arms fate had consigned her, wrung from him, in the dalliance of the harem, the secrets of state, which enabled her to communicate to those of her own faith the important information contained in the letters. Every thing, however, was left for ever in the uncertainty of conjecture. The success, through this mysterious source of information, with which the Crusaders were enabled to thwart every plan of the besieged; the failure of supplies; the sufferings of the Turks from

want of provisions ; and their terrible losses of life from the repeated bloody onslaughts of the Crusaders ; and the great fame of the English king, whose presence was a *prestige* of victory, combined to induce the Saracens of Acre to propose a capitulation.

The town was under the command of five supreme Turkish officers, who were called emirs. These, together with others in authority, having met together in grave deliberation upon the emergency, and the garrison generally having been consulted, it was determined that two of the emirs, of the names of Mes-toc and Caracos, should be delegated to bear to the Crusaders the surrender of Acre, and of all it contained, on the condition that the Turks should be permitted to pass out honorably and unharmed. The emirs were admitted to the presence of the Christian monarchs, and their proposal was listened to graciously by the French king, who caught-eagerly at their offer, and was ready to grant readily all they asked ; but the impetuous Richard burst forth in these words : “ Do you reckon that I can not take by force what you now offer as a favor ? Behold your tottering walls and towers, and answer me, if it be necessary for you to surrender the town before I conquer it.” The English king would accept no such terms as the Turks proffered, and Philip, seeing the determination of Richard, yielded his own complacent humor to the mastery of the more resolute will of his ally.

The monarchs now in their turn made propositions in behalf of the Crusaders to the emirs. These were to the effect that the true cross, which had fallen into the hands of the Turks, should be restored; that all the territory of the Holy Land in possession of the Latins in the time of the sacred crusade should be yielded up; and that every Christian captive should be set free. On these terms alone, the monarchs declared, would the Saracens within the walls of Acre be allowed to depart in safety. The emirs replied, that they had no authority to agree to any propositions but those first offered, but that they would bear to the Sultan Saladin the terms proposed by the Crusaders, and that they were ready to use all their influence in obtaining his consent. They accordingly proceeded to the camp of Saladin on Mt. Carmel, and laying the propositions of the Christian monarchs at the feet of the great Sultan, humbly supplicated his compliance. Saladin, however, peremptorily refused, and appealing to the sense of honor of the emirs, proudly asked them, if they were in his place would they be willing to sacrifice Turkish honor for the sake of Acre, however pitiable its condition. The emirs could not deny the justice of the appeal, and sorrowfully took their departure for the doomed city.

The unknown letter-writer discharged on that night another missive into the camp of the Crusaders, which disclosed to them a proposed attack of Saladin,

by which the Christians were to be diverted from Acre, that the besieged might have a chance of escape from the city. The march of Saladin commenced, and the Turks of Acre began their flight, when, much to the surprise of both, the Crusaders were on guard, and prevented the success of either. The Christians were much indebted to their unknown friend; for the plan of the Turks was ingeniously contrived, and would have been, doubtless, well carried out, had not the Crusaders been timely informed by the mysterious spy in the midst of the enemy.

The English now renewed their operations against Acre. The walls had been undermined and props placed against them, as was done by the French on a previous occasion, which were now set fire to with a successful result. A large portion of the walls fell with a crash, and opened a breach through which Richard was making ready to lead his men to the assault. The Sarcacens, however, now threw out a signal of surrender, which the English king, anxious to save the bloodshed which must have ensued, signified his intention of answering. Richard accordingly drew off his forces and awaited the arrival of the emirs, who again presented themselves in the camp of the Crusaders, offering the same terms as before, which were not accepted. The Turkish officers then proceeded to the camp of Saladin to consult with him again in the emergency. The Sultan,

now taking pity upon the suffering condition of the besieged, was disposed to be more liberal in his concessions, and offered to the Crusaders to give up to them the holy cross, the City of Jerusalem, and all the cities and castles in Palestine which he had taken after the battle of Tiberias, as well as the Christians he held captive. The conditions he demanded were, that the people within the city of Acre should be allowed free egress, and the Christians should aid him in a war against the sons of his predecessor Nouredin. The Christians, unwilling to entangle themselves in an alliance with the infidel leader, rejected these propositions, and the emirs again returned to Acre, overwhelmed with disappointment and sorrow.

Philip of France was now disposed to try his fortune again, and began an assault upon the besieged; but this attempt, like his former, resulted in severe loss and disappointment. The English, with their spirited allies, the men of Pisa, now made ready to make another desperate attack. In the mean time Caiaphas, a town situated in the Bay of Acre, was set fire to by the Saracens, and the beautiful vineyards in the neighborhood laid waste. This town was in the possession of the Crusaders, and Saladin had long sought an opportunity of taking or destroying it.

The English now advanced to the breach in the walls of Acre, and prepared to throw themselves into the city with the resolute determination of taking it

or perishing in the attempt. As they approached they were again met by a signal of surrender from the garrison, and on this occasion, the Saracens were less disposed to wrangle about terms, and readily consented to deliver up the city upon conditions satisfactory to the Crusaders. Acre was then delivered up on the twelfth day of June, in the year 1111. The Saracens paid dearly for the ransom of their lives, having given up all their property, even to the arms which they wore, of which they were stripped, and having pledged themselves to return the holy cross, to free fifteen hundred Christian captives, and to pay over two hundred thousand pieces of gold. Some thousands of the Saracens were detained as hostages to secure the fulfillment of these pledges. If Saladin failed in the course of ten days to keep to the very letter of his agreement, the life-blood of these Turkish hostages was to be at the mercy of the Christians.

The conquerors now entered the famous city of Acre, and at last enjoyed the hard-fought and long-sought conquest, which was hailed by Christendom as a triumph of the cross, and as giving glory to God in the highest, but over the bloody record of which we now shudder and turn away from as history of the dark deeds of demons of earth which must have given enjoyment to their kindred devils in hell. The cruelty and bloodshed in which the warriors of those days delighted, were, in their perverse sense of the Gospel, claimed to be in consonance with the teachings of Christ. But it is too often thus, that

man serves the devil in the livery of heaven. The taste of the age was for blood and war, and mankind sought to sanction the corrupt passions of their hearts by the doctrines of religion.

For nearly three years Acre had been besieged, and during that time six hundred thousand Christians are recorded by the old chroniclers to have perished, while we have no account of the myriads of Turks who must have made a fearful addition to this list of the dead. Christendom poured out its blood in a constant stream, which washed the unmoved base of Acre for two years, and with which the thirst of conquest was never slaked. The treasury of every kingdom of Europe was drained to supply the enormous expenses of this holy undertaking. And what was the result of this profusion of blood and wealth? The casting aside of the eternal laws of Christ, and the winning of the worthless possession of the rotting and doubtful memorial of his sufferings.

On taking possession of Acre, Richard established himself in the best house in the place, while King Philip was obliged to take up his quarters with the Knight Templars. The standards of the two monarchs divided, however, equally the honors of the city, and floated in union upon the towers and battlements. The treasure, according to agreement, was to have been divided between Richard and Philip, but the other Crusaders were now properly allowed to have a proportionate share.

The old quarrels between the French and English kings now began to inflame anew. Philip renewed his demand for an equal division of the English conquest of Cyprus, basing his claim on the ground of the original treaty with Richard. To which the latter replied that he would willingly consent, provided Philip would also share with him the territory of Flanders, and the treasure which had fallen to the French king on the death of the earl of that province, as well as the city of Tyre, which had been ceded to Philip by the Marquis Conrad. The English king contended that he was as much entitled to a half of these latter possessions as Philip was to an equal division of Cyprus. They had all been acquired since the two monarchs had set out for the Crusades, and solemnly set their seals to the treaty by which all they became possessed of during the expedition should be equally divided between the respective kings. This question, however, was settled by the arbitration of mutual friends, who decided that the treaty referred merely to territory in the Holy Land.

We have already spoken of the factions into which the Crusaders were divided on the question of the right to the throne of Jerusalem, and have stated that Richard advocated the claims of Guy of Lusignan, and Philip those of his competitor, Marquis Conrad. In an assembly some time previous to the surrender of Acre, convoked to decide this question, which was

the source of constant bickerings between the Christians, Guy charged his competitor with having usurped the rights, and made free use of the treasury of a kingdom to which he had no claim. Conrad retorted that he had only exercised his legal privileges as the king by right of his wife Isabella. Harsh words and threats of violence ensued, and the brother of Guy, the bold Geoffrey of Lusignan, took up the quarrel, and, denouncing Conrad as a perjured traitor, threw down his gauntlet to provoke the Marquis to a trial of arms. Conrad turned away from the proffered challenge with a sneer of contempt, as it did not become a boasted king to take up the gauntlet of an inferior. The friends of the Lusignans pretended to consider the conduct of Conrad as an evidence of cowardice, and some of them began to taunt him as he arose to leave the assembly. Conrad, who was a brave man, and whose contemptuous disregard of Geoffrey's challenge was unquestionably due to his sense of rank, and not to any dastard fear of the consequences, left the Crusaders, deeply wounded with the insult he had suffered, and proceeding to Tyre, remained there until the surrender of Acre to the Crusaders. Now, by the solicitation of his warmly-attached friend, King Philip of France, he returned, and it was thought expedient to settle at once the much-vexed question, which was so embarrassing to the action of the Christian forces. Richard's determined will, as usual, got the better of his rival's

easier temper, and it was agreed that Guy of Lusignan should reign during his life as king of Jerusalem; but as a compromise of the claims of Conrad, it was settled that the latter, if survivor, or his children, should succeed to the throne on the death of Guy.

In the mean time, the revenues of the realm were to be equally divided. The advantage was evidently on the side of Guy, for which he was indebted to the overpowering influence of his great advocate Richard. Conrad, however, was the better man, and if merit, not influence, had decided the question, the strong and resolute Conrad, and not the weak and vacillating Guy, would have been king of Jerusalem.

The French king now came to a resolution which he had long revolved in his mind, that of abandoning the Crusade and returning to France. Philip could not abide the superiority of his great rival, who did not, perhaps, bear his honors as meekly as he might have done. Richard was, by inherent right of genius, the leader of the Crusades. An acknowledgment was everywhere expressed of his supreme qualities, as the great warrior of the age; and the English king, conscious of his own power, received that deference which he commanded from all as his right. King Philip's envy was vexed by this superiority, and the authoritative air with which it was borne. An old rhymester, Robert of Gloucester, quaintly says:

"So that King Philip was annoyed there at the thing,
That there was not of him a word, but all of Richard the king."

The French king, therefore, coming to the resolution to depart, announced his intention to Richard, who exclaimed with his usual impetuous frankness, which had little care for the nice turning of words, or the gentle phrases of courtesy: "The king of France is my liege lord, but I am bound to say that it will be an eternal disgrace and infamy to him, if he leaves Palestine before he has accomplished the work for the sake of which he came hither. Nevertheless, *if he feels himself infirm and weak, or fears to die in the Holy Land, let him go.*" These contemptuous words in regard to Philip's weakness, had reference to the French king's plea of illness which he had urged as an excuse for his departure.

When it became known to the Crusaders that Philip was resolved to abandon their cause, they were greatly vexed, and his desertion was considered a disgrace to France, as it might prove a serious injury to the Crusade. Supplications and entreaties proved vain. The king of France could not be diverted from an act which he had long pondered, and now determined to consummate. All the Crusaders, with the exception of the French, considered him as an unworthy traitor to their cause, and he left the Holy Land with the curse of every true soldier of the cross. The English king, suspecting that he might harbor a concealed purpose of attacking, on his return, England or Normandy, which would be at his mercy, compelled the French king to swear sol-

ernly that he would not interfere with his rights, nor allow any interference on the part of others, during Richard's absence.

Philip, to keep up appearances and make a show of some sympathy in behalf of the cause, left ten thousand men to continue the Crusade. The Duke of Burgundy, a brave and experienced warrior, was given the command of these soldiers. The French king, on leaving Acre, set sail for Tyre, where he remained some time with Conrad, who had retired there, as we have already seen, in disgust at the insulting treatment he had received from his opponents in the Christian camp. Philip had claimed one half of the Saracens who had been kept as hostages for the fulfillment of the treaty with Saladin, and he now led them with him to Tyre, where he made them over to Conrad. Richard was vexed at this proceeding, seeing that he would thus be prevented from keeping his part of the engagement with Saladin as long as the prisoners were not in his power to deliver up at the appointed time; he therefore summoned Conrad to send back the captives without delay. A flat refusal was the only answer returned, and Richard's temper was so greatly disturbed in consequence, that he swore he would go himself to Tyre and bring the prisoners by force, whether Conrad liked it or not. The Duke of Burgundy, however, interfered, and succeeded in having the prisoners delivered up to him in behalf of the

absent Philip, and thus the Christians were saved the farther scandal of an open rupture between themselves.

Thirty days of the forty agreed upon for the fulfillment of the terms of the treaty between the Crusaders and the Saracens had now passed, and still neither holy cross, money, nor captives came. Richard became suspicious of the delay, and accordingly, within ten days of the whole time allowed, he convoked an assembly of the chief officers of the Christian forces, in which it was resolved that the Saracen hostages should be destroyed.

The English king now announced these resolutions to Saladin, reminding him that he had only ten days left for the fulfillment of his pledges, and the salvation of his subjects from death. The Sultan answered, "If a hair of any of my men be harmed, I will cut off the head of every Christian in my power." Richard waited four days, and obtaining no satisfaction as yet to his demands, he drew out his forces from within the walls of Acre and encamped them in a position threatening the Sultan. The latter sent the English king on that day some magnificent presents, and solicited a postponement of the time appointed for the ransom of the Saracen hostages; but Richard would listen to no propositions of the kind, and sent back Saladin's messengers and his presents with word to the Sultan, that every Turk in the hands of the Christians should pay the forfeit of his life on the

twentieth of August, the day appointed, if every letter of the treaty was not fulfilled to the utmost, within a minute of the time specified. Saladin no sooner received this message than he dragged out the Christian captives in front of his encampment, and in full view of their brethren and countrymen in the army of the Crusaders, and ordered them to be beheaded, which bloody command was instantaneously obeyed. The Crusaders, aroused to fury by this cruel butchery, sprang to arms on the instant, and rushed upon the Saracens, eager to avenge their murdered fellow-Christians. The Saracens were, however, well prepared for the onset, and neither seemed to gain the advantage, and defended themselves so valiantly that the struggle was continued until brought to a close by the darkness of the coming night. The Crusaders now glutted their revenge in the blood of their Saracen captives. Five thousand Turks were led out beyond the walls of the city, and three thousand being claimed by Richard as his victims, over whom he had the right of death, and two thousand by the Duke of Burgandy, these brave warriors of the cross proceeded in cold blood to cut off the head of each Turk, so that there was not a single life spared. Nor were the Christians satisfied with the lives of their infidel enemy, but, voraciously pouncing upon the headless bodies and ripping up the bellies, fumbled among the entrails in search of gold and silver that had been swallowed, and of which they

found a goodly store, and tore out the galls for medicinal uses.

It was no great stretch, then, for the imagination of an old poet to describe the Crusaders as so many cannibals, hungering for the flesh and thirsting for the blood of the Turk, and voraciously gratifying their appetites for that infidel fare. The *Gests of Richard Cœur de Lion*, an old "romaunt" in rhyme, describes the English king as being particularly fond of Saracens served up in various ways, boiled, roasted, stewed, or fried. Once upon a time, according to the imaginative author of this old romance, Richard, having fallen grievously ill, which brought him near to death, continued for a long time barely showing any signs of life, until at last, as a first evidence of improvement, he awoke with an intense longing for pork. No pork could be had in all Palestine, so an old knight who dearly loved the king, and had clung to his bed-side night and day, was resolved upon gratifying his lord and master at all hazards. Accordingly, the kind old gentleman goes to the steward, and telling him of the straits he was in, how the king was sick and longed for pork, and how scarce the article was, there being none to be had for love or money, and adding, that if any man should venture to state the fact to the sick Richard he would lose his head for his pains, ingeniously proposed a substitute: "Catch," said the knight to the steward, "a Saracen, young and

fat, let the thief be slain in haste, then open, and his hide skinned off, and when the carcase has been well peppered and spiced, allow it to soak for awhile and then serve up." The order was no sooner given than obeyed. "Slain and sodden was the heathen stew," poetically remarks the ancient poet, and the repast duly served up. The "king ate the flesh and gnaw the bones," continues the enthusiastic rhapsodist, and when he had eaten enough, Richard turned over and slept,

"And became whole and sound."

The king had been kept in the dark in regard to the Saracen substitute for pork, but the steward was finally obliged to come to a confession. Richard's appetite soon awakened again, and he ordered the head of the animal he had already so much enjoyed. "Bring me the head!" cried the impetuous monarch. "I have not got it," replied the cook. The king in a rage resumes:

"But I see the head of that swine,
Forsooth thou shalt losen thine."

The steward had no other alternative but to bring the Saracen's head with

"His black beard and white teeth."

Richard exclaimed, "What the devil is this?" and, instead of being angry, quietly remarked that he was surprised to find Saracen so good, and had the dish

set down at once in the regular allowance, and it became a favorite article of diet with the Crusaders generally, and the king particularly.

There is more truth in the old rhyming chronicler's cannibal imaginings, than in many a more sober page of history. Fiction, though deemed a frivolous thing, often gives us a better insight into the motives and conduct of men than the solid, dry record of bare fact. The light weathercock on the top of the house has its usages, as well as the solid structure below ; as we see by the former how the wind blows, we know when to take refuge from the storm in the latter.

The conduct of the Saracens and Crusaders in this mutual slaughter of prisoners, was of an atrocity beyond the power of mere words to picture in all its wicked horror, and to denounce as its wickedness merits. No one who bears a human heart, but will shrink from the frightful scene of blood, and the sense of justice of all good men will instinctively condemn the cruel actors as guilty of the crime of murder.

CHAPTER VI.

NOW that the Crusaders were in possession of Acre, they were loth to depart. They had found a resting-place, where they might refresh themselves after their long labors and painful struggles. They had exchanged the fatiguing duties and the rude life of the camp for the easy routine occupation of a fortified town and the luxurious delights of a large city. The comforts of the spacious and well-appointed mansions, the abundant stores of wine, and the society of the beautiful Turkish women, were enjoyments which the crusading warriors appreciated with a fullness of delight that the rarity and the brief indulgence highly augmented.

It was not surprising, then, that these impulsive soldiers should have steeped themselves in the pleasures of the city, that they should have indolently lingered within their houses, in the company of the warmly-complexioned oriental beauties, or have lengthened out their banquets with endless draughts of the luscious wines of the East.

The most veteran knights, whose sinews had been toughened in many an encounter, and character tem-

pered by the discipline and trials of warfare, yielded to temptation, as well as the tender youth, whose elastic limbs had not yet been moulded and stiffened to his armor, and whose unresisting disposition readily gave way to the seductions of pleasure.

City life had produced a perceptible change in the very looks of the Crusaders. The bronze complexion became bleached from retirement within the shades of the house, or of a rubicund glow, from too much indulgence in wine. The vigorous, muscular frame of the warrior degenerated into the fat and bloated figure of the good-liver. The knights would seldom put on their armor, as if the weight was too burthensome to bear; and every martial exercise in which they once delighted, was now turned away from with a languid dislike, and a refuge sought in indolence and pleasure.

Richard became aware of the necessity of arousing the Crusaders from their dangerous inactivity. Although the king's warm impulses made him as eager in the delights of peace as he was impetuous in the pursuits of war, he was never so lapped in the former as to forget the claims of the latter. He saw that any further delay would so far weaken the character of the Crusaders, as to render them unwilling, if not unable to cope with the Turks, and that thus the great cause of the cross would be hopelessly abandoned, and the Crusaders themselves, perhaps, prostrated at the feet of the

merciless Saracen. Richard accordingly determined to march out of the seductive and dangerous city.

After the English king had repaired the breaches in the walls which had been made by the successive assaults of the Crusaders, and left a sufficient force to garrison the city, he departed from Acre with a large force. He had no little difficulty, however, in tearing away his knights from the delights of the town, but succeeded, finally, by alternate threats and promises. Richard feared the influence of the gentle sex upon his impulsive followers more than any other temptation, and he accordingly forbid any woman to follow the army, and, by way of example would not allow either Queen Berengaria, his sister Joan, the princess of Cyprus, or, in fact, any of the sex to accompany him.

It was on the 27th of August that the Crusaders began their march. Thirty thousand men was the full force which Richard led out to continue his conquests in the Holy Land. The Knights Templars formed the vanguard of this gallant army, in which Christians of every country served to fill up the ranks, and the Knights of St. John brought up the rear. The English king himself assumed the command, and the Duke of Burgundy was second to the brave Richard. Saladin was on the alert with his Saracen force, which greatly outnumbered that of the Christians, and he pursued a system of warfare which proved very embarrassing to the crusading army.

Following at some distance with his main body, the Sultan would send out an occasional scouting force to observe the movements of the enemy, and, watching his chance, pounced upon any stragglers he could catch. The march of Richard was along the sea-shore to the south, and as he pursued his tortuous course, the scouts of the Saracen might be observed on the lookout from some turn in the road or pass in the mountains. As the Turks were familiar with the country, and could trust to the mettle of their swift Arab horses, these scouts often ventured quite close to the Christian army, and could bear back to Saladin the most minute detail of the march. The English king was wary in his movements, and, knowing that he was watched by his active enemy, ordered his men into close ranks, and expressly guarded against any straggling, knowing that whoever should be left in the rear would certainly fall into the hands of the Saracens, and be dealt with without mercy. As long as the road continued tolerably straight and wide, every man of the Christian forces remained in safety; but now they reached a crooked and narrow path through a mountain pass, along which they were obliged to defile in a long line, and the van of the army was concealed from the rear by a turn in the road. The Saracen, always on the alert, now saw his chance and eagerly caught at it. Richard, who was in front, was allowed to pass unattacked; but the Duke of Burgundy, who commanded the rear, was

not so fortunate. A large body of Saracens suddenly sprung upon him from a mountain fastness, and the Duke, encumbered with the baggage, laboring on and struggling with difficulty through the rough and narrow road, was ill-prepared for the fierce onslaught. The guard which had charge of the baggage was dashed to the ground, and the Saracens plundered without resistance. Those Christians who were somewhat in advance, hearing the cries of the wounded guard, hurried back to the scene and were soon engaged in a fierce encounter with the Turks; but the latter, well-mounted and fresh, had greatly the advantage. Richard was too far in advance to come to the rescue at this serious juncture of affairs, but the brave knight William de Barres soon joined the affray and succeeded, by his courage and gallant conduct, in keeping off the fierce Saracens until the king himself, with his brave men, could ride up. The Saracens fled at the sight of the mighty Richard, and the army was allowed to continue its march undisturbed. Richard had had a trial of strength with William de Barres, while in Messina, and, after a long-continued hand-and-hand struggle, not succeeding in unhorsing this powerful knight, had, very king-like, taken umbrage at his bold opponent's audacity in proving himself equal to a royal competitor. Richard, who had a generous soul, now forgave William de Barres, and graciously acknowledged his bravery and good service in the dangerous emergency just passed; and from

that day the king sought every opportunity, by kind word and friendly act, to compensate the knight for his past want of generosity.

The army continued its march. The Christians never forgot, in their toilsome and dangerous progress, the great purpose for which they struggled. Their enthusiasm never flagged, but they underwent every labor, and faced every danger, sustained by their religious faith and the belief that they were obeying the precepts of Christianity and adding to the glory of God. We do not learn that the Christians, notwithstanding the sincerity of their opinions, were very devotional in their practices, but a habit prevailed in the army, which showed that some form of public acknowledgment of the religious purposes of their warfare was kept up. Whenever the army halted, all the heralds simultaneously shouted in a loud voice, for three successive times, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" at which every Christian throughout the army bowed his knee and responded, "Amen!" This was certainly a very brief form of prayer, but we have no doubt it was quite earnest as far as it went.

Although the enemy kept hovering about the rear, watching an opportunity to take the Christians off their guard, the latter became so circumspect that the army reached Caiaphas without an attack. The course was still to the south, along the coast of Syria. The English fleet sailed down along with the army,

on its right flank, hugging the shore close that it might always be in sight and at hand, while Saladin marched his forces on the left, keeping pretty well in the interior. The next point to which the Crusaders directed their march was Cæsarea, about forty miles to the south of Acre, although the tortuous road which they were forced to take in consequence of the irregularity of the coast, and the frequent circuits they were compelled to make from the projecting spurs of the mountains, increased that distance fourfold. The soldiers suffered greatly during the journey. The hot climate of the country was especially trying to northern constitutions, and, as the march was generally on the shore, where the men were exposed to the direct rays of a southern sun, reflected back, in all their intensity of heat, by the yellow sand, the suffering was intense. As the army was constantly exposed to the attacks of Saladin, who eagerly watched every occasion for harassing the Christians, it behooved them not to abate a jot in discipline and military exactitude. The consequence was, that the men could not seek relief in straggling at their ease, and in putting off the heavy armor, which was a load hard to bear at any time, but especially galling in the excessive fatigue of a hot march. When the soldiers sought a refuge from the sun, which glared angrily upon them on the beach, within the shade of the trees which lined the inner margin of the shore, they proceeded with great diffi-

culty in consequence of the matted vines and close undergrowth which grew in such luxurious abundance in that prolific soil, and hindered their steps, and exposed them to attack without power of resistance. The soldiers submitted to the heat in preference to being entangled, delayed, and fatigued by the slow and toilsome progress in the woods. At night, too, when no longer suffering from the heat, they were worried by another and no less troublesome annoyance. Large and venomous ants and other insects abounded, and their bites, almost imperceptible at first, soon inflamed and turned into large ulcers from their poisonous virulence. The Crusaders, however, bore up under all this complication of fatigue, pain, and annoyance with wonderful endurance, and patiently submitted to all the severe military discipline to which they were subjected, and which, although necessary for their security, was hardly endurable to the most patient, under the trying circumstances of that painful march.

On the arrival of Richard at Cæsarea, he found that the Turks had stolen a march upon him, and had levelled the fortifications and destroyed a portion of the city with fire. The king accordingly encamped on the banks of the Crocodile river, a name, the appropriateness of which he had sad reason to acknowledge, for, on the first night of the encampment, two of his soldiers, venturing into the water, were seized by a crocodile and immediately devoured.

The fleet, which had sailed down the coast as Richard marched along the shore, now came to anchor. The ships had been freighted with stores for the army, and, as the Crusaders obtained but few supplies during their march, there was need of all they had and more. Richard accordingly, having discharged the stores, sent back some of the vessels to Acre for fresh supplies of men and provisions. The Saracens, in their progress through the country, burned the towns and smallest villages, and laid waste every field and vineyard, carrying off the produce and driving away the cattle, so the Christians found themselves in a desert land, and were forced to rely almost entirely upon their own stores for supplies. This was a serious embarrassment to Richard, and adds another to the many difficulties of the expedition, which increases our admiration for the marvellous capacity of that great king who could overcome all and bring his plans to a triumphant issue.

The camp of the Crusaders was much annoyed by the Saracen army, which had accompanied them, at a safe distance throughout the whole route. Saladin's forces now approached with more boldness, as they had been greatly reinforced by additional troops, and supposed Richard's army was worn out and disheartened by their fatiguing march, and weakened by want of nourishment, in consequence of straitened supplies of food.

The Crusaders broke up their camp at Cæsarea

and pushed on to Jaffa, the Joppa mentioned in the Bible. The Saracens also marched, clinging as before, to the flank of the Christians. Frequent skirmishes ensued between detached parties of both armies. On one of these occasions a bold Turkish leader, who had the high rank of an emir under the Sultan, led a skirmishing detachment, and bore down upon a portion of the English force. A fleet Arab carried him in advance of his men, and he came down with his turbaned head towering high above his horse, for his stature was gigantic, and with his immense spear, double the size of the ordinary lance, poised in his strong arm as if he would overwhelm in his impetuous course all that opposed him. The Christian knights prepared for the charge, and met the onset so resistingly with their closed ranks that horse and rider were overthrown in the shock, and the mighty emir, prostrated on the ground, was slain without mercy. Thus fell one of the bravest and most formidable of Saladin's officers. He was a tower of strength in himself, from his immense height, proportionate strength, and impetuous courage. When the troops, which were following, saw their great leader biting the dust, they turned their reins and fled swiftly away. It was foolhardiness for the Saracen horsemen, whose limbs were not protected by armor, and who were forced to depend entirely upon their personal strength, skill, and agility in the saddle, and the swiftness of their steeds, to venture

upon a charge against a well-serried rank of knights, full clad in steel, and intently on their guard. The mighty Saracen, rashly trusting to his great strength, had thus fallen a victim to his disregard of the superiority of a knight full cased in armor over an unmailed warrior.

The march of the Crusaders, who were obliged to leave the shore from the obstructions, was now through a desert country affording no supplies for themselves nor pasture for their horses. The soldiers and the cavalry suffered severely from the want of water. Many of the horses died in consequence, and such was the famished condition of the men, that the dead carcases were greedily pounced upon and voraciously devoured. In truth, such was the eager hunger of the men, that they fought desperately with each other for the dead animals. The king was obliged to interfere, and proclaimed that a live horse would be given to every man who yielded up his dead one for the common good. Horse-flesh, now from necessity, was the main article of diet; and one of the old chroniclers who records this fact, quaintly says, "that it was not only tolerable food in itself, but with hunger for a sauce, quite delicious." The Saracens continued throughout to harass the Christians, and from their familiarity with the country were enabled to hide themselves in ambuscades among the clefts and passes of the neighboring hills, from which they would sally out, and, discharg-

ing their arrows, immediately retire to their hiding-places in security. The horsemen in the rear were the principal sufferers, but Richard himself, who was dashing along his army on its march, everywhere cheering on his men, was wounded by an arrow in his side. It is recorded that so incessant was the discharge of the bows of the Saracens, and so enormous the fall of arrows, that there was not a spot of four feet uncovered by these missiles. The Christian army finding a stream, the water of which, however, turned out to be saltish and distasteful, halted at the side of it, and spreading their tents, encamped there for two whole days.

In the mean time nothing was seen of the Saracens, and the Crusaders were entirely relieved from that annoying system of warfare that had been pursued throughout the whole march. Richard, anxious to learn what had become of the enemy, sent out scouts in every direction to see if they could discover his whereabouts and the disposition he was making of his forces. The scouts returned with the information that Saladin was encamped with his whole army on an extensive plain near Assur, and that he was evidently awaiting the coming up of Richard. This intelligence was received with great joy by the Crusaders, as they desired to measure their strength with the great Saladin in a pitched battle. They looked forward to the occasion with perfect confidence as to the result, although the enemy's

numbers far outreached their own. The Christians, all told, did not amount to over thirty thousand, while the Turks formed, according to all accounts, at least three hundred thousand. The Crusaders, however, sustained by their religious enthusiasm, and trusting to the skillful leadership of their bold Richard, were ready to fight at any odds, and believed victory, with such a cause and such a leader, as sure an event as the coming sun.

Orders were given throughout the camp to make ready for the great battle on the morrow, and the humblest soldier, equally with the most noble knight, eagerly desired that the night might speed, and the day arrive on which he could strike a blow for God and victory.

At an early hour, on the morning of the seventh of September, in the year 1191, the camp of the Crusaders was alive with busy preparations for a march. The whole army was astir under the influence evidently of some unusual emotion. There was an intentness and alacrity in the performance of duty by each man which betokened more than the ordinary motive for earnest effort. The officers were rapidly galloping to and fro about the camp, minutely inspecting the condition of every department, and eagerly inquiring into the state of each man and his appointments, while the soldiers were hard at work putting in order their arms and equipments. The lancers brightened their spears and sharpened the points with careful

precision; the bowmen twanged their bows to test their elasticity or the tension of the cord, and each knight carefully inspected every buckle and joint in his own or his horse's armor. Expectation was alive, and preparation busy, for with the opening of the day had come the prospect of a great battle, and the morning's sun that had risen in heavenly glory might set in a sea of blood. The Crusaders were about to march against Saladin and his army, and test for the first time on a fair field, whether victory belonged to the Crescent or the Cross.

King Richard had been busy from the earliest dawn, and had ridden the wide circuit of his whole army again and again, looking into the smallest detail of equipment and preparation, and giving the most comprehensive orders for the conduct of the day. Like all great leaders, his mind was not above the minutiae of practical business, as it was equal to the widest scope of thought.

The trumpets now sounded to arms, and every heart in that brave army beat in sympathy with the martial blast. The lion-hearted king then drew up his forces and disposed them thus: In the van marched the Knight Templars commanded by the Grand-Master, Robert de Sablay. The centre of the main body the king reserved for himself and his well-tried veterans of England and Normandy. On the right he placed the Danes, the Hollanders, and men of Brabant under the command of the efficient

James d'Avesnes, while on the left the Duke of Burgundy and Leopold of Austria led the French and German troops. The rear was composed of the Knight Hospitallers.

King Richard now gave the order to march, and as he proceeded and approached within sight of the enemy, eager for the great contest, he observed a movement in their ranks, and it was soon evident that Saladin was withdrawing his forces from their position on the plain. The multitudinous Turkish army moved like a great cloud toward the hills, as if dispersing before the coming sun, and Richard began to suspect that Saladin intended to pursue his old tactics of hanging upon his flanks and annoying him with that skirmishing warfare from which the Crusaders had already so greatly suffered. The king was resolved upon preventing this movement of the Saracens, and his plan was to continue his march, apparently unmindful of the harassing attack of the detached squadrons, until Saladin, emboldened by this manœuvre of non-resistance, should bring most of his forces to bear where Richard would be ready to strike a blow and force the enemy into a general action. The Saracens, as they moved from the plain, assumed the form of a crescent, and evidently intended, from their position, to bear down upon the left wing. The king, observing the manœuvre, sent a detachment of his most trusty forces, under the command of his nephew, the Count of

Champagne, to strengthen this wing, as he was doubtful of the French, and suspected the fidelity of the Duke of Burgundy who was at their head. Richard, in order to bring to a successful result his plan, strictly ordered that no attack should be made until two blasts of the trumpet, which were to be sounded in each division of the army, were heard, which was to be the signal for the engagement to begin. Whatever might be the provocation from the enemy, this order was to be obeyed at all hazards, for the success of the day depended upon its faithful observance. The army moved on, slowly and deliberately, each man anxiously watching the enemy, who moved in dark masses on the acclivity of the hills, and threatened like a coming storm ready to burst in fury from the black clouds in which it is imprisoned.

The Saracens now halted for a moment, as if gathering for a charge, and rushed down in an impetuous torrent toward the left of the Crusaders. A body of some ten thousand Turkish horsemen, giving full rein to their horses, and poising their spears, led this attack, and, discharging their weapons into the close Christian ranks, wheeled to the right and left, opening the way for the Bedouin Arabs, the most expert bowmen of the Saracen army, who sent a shower of arrows which greatly annoyed the Crusaders and destroyed many of their horses. These sharp-shooters continued to harass the left wing. The Saracen cavalry, coming down in increased force,

bore against the rear and the right. The ranks of Richard kept in close array, forming a solid phalanx, which moved over the field in a slow, compact march, and in accordance with the order of their great leader, shaking off with admirable coolness, and not venturing a blow in return, the attacks of the enemy, who hovered about the solid body of Crusaders with their lances and arrows, like myriads of flies thickening the atmosphere, and darkening the light, and striving by their irritating stings to drive some noble animal to fury.

Saladin finding that his skirmishing squadrons could make no serious impression upon the close and well-disciplined ranks of the Christians, whose compactness was such, says an historian of the times, that an apple falling among them would have been sure to strike either man or horse, he prepared to make an onset himself. Accordingly, calling back his skirmishers, which were baying like an endless pack of eager hounds about the flanks of the Crusaders, and gathering together the whole force of his cavalry, led them to the attack in person. The Sultan, surrounded by his emirs and the flower of the Moslem warriors, came on in full speed, followed by an immense troop of horse, and drove right down upon the rear of the Christian army, plunging their spurs into their horses' flanks as if urging the noble animals to some desperate leap, and dashing with all the weight and fierce impetuosity of rider and horse

full upon the close ranks. The Hospitallers, who formed the rear guard, sustained the shock with great firmness and courage, but in spite of their steady resistance, many were borne down by the fierce encounter and trampled to death, while others, who were only unhorsed, recovered themselves and strove to keep up with their comrades who, more fortunate, still held their seats in the saddle. It was severe work for these knights in heavy armor, who had lost their horses, to be obliged to run along the field on foot. Richard's order was still obeyed, and his army had borne every charge of the enemy without returning the attack. The Knight Hospitallers now became impatient and fretted angrily at the discipline which forced them to a restraint they had never exercised when set upon by the infidel enemy. Patience, although a Christian virtue, had never been the distinguishing quality of those religious brethren. Their duty was to strike, not to suffer for the cross, and they had ever been foremost in the onset. Their impetuosity had never given them a chance of perfecting themselves in defense, a modest element of warfare, which the generalship of the great Richard taught them was often as effective as the more showy and attractive attack. The Hospitallers were infuriated beyond endurance by what they thought the insolent presumption of the infidel, and burned to revenge themselves. They accordingly ventured upon sending word to the king that they could no

longer abide his orders, and must punish the insolence of the Saracens. Richard entreated them still to check their ardor for awhile, an entreaty which they reluctantly yielded to until the Saracen horsemen began to single out the knights and dash at them with their drawn scimitars as if throwing down a challenge for personal encounter. No Hospitaller had ever turned away from such a provocation to his chivalry, and his bold heart welled up with indignation too full for restraint. The whole body then resolved that they would no longer abide this agonizing non-resistance, and Godfrey de Duisson, the Grand-Master of the order, rode up to Richard and announced the determination of the Hospitallers. The king was yet unwilling to issue the order to charge. He was bent upon his plan of withholding his first blow until the whole Saracen force had been drawn within his power, when he hoped to strike with such effect as to paralyze the audacious spirit of the Saracen for ever.

Such was the state of the two opposing armies; Richard marching on in solid phalanx, unmoved and unresisting, and Saladin with his countless host, restlessly dashing about, now trying to shake and scatter the massive array of the Crusaders by an impetuous rush of his cavalry, and again hovering at a distance with his lancers and Arab bowmen, and pouring torrents of spears and arrows upon the devoted Christian troops, with an attempt to irritate them to a

fury which, overleaping the bounds of discipline, might carry them in impetuous confusion into the flood of Saracens, in which Saladin hoped to overwhelm them by his greater numbers.

At last, before Richard had yet given the order, two of his most impetuous knights, the Marshal of the Hospitallers and a Norman baron, of the name of Baldwin de Comero, unable to contain themselves any longer, for they were among those in the rear who had borne the brunt of these annoying attacks of the Saracens, fiercely drove their spurs into their horses' flanks, and sprung from the ranks right into the midst of the enemy. They were soon hid from the sight of their friends by the thronging Turks, who were bent upon crushing them by their weight and numbers. The war-cry of these Christian knights was, however, heard above the din of the galloping horses and the clashing of arms. Godfrey de Buisson, catching up the resolute shout, reechoed it, and exclaiming, "Come what may, we must not leave our brethren to fight unaided or die unavenged," sprung to the rescue, followed by the undaunted Knights of St. John. The action now became general. The brave Earl of Leicester led on the well-tryed English to the charge at once, while the right wing of the army, under the command of the bold d'Avesnes, and the left, under the youthful Henry of Champagne, joined with resistless ardor. The shock from the centre was terrific. The Saracens

recoiled and tried to wheel round, hoping by this manœuvre to avoid the crushing effect of the irresistible charge of the Crusaders; but the Turkish forces, taken by surprise, were gathered in such a confused multitude, that the desired movement could not be effected. The Saracens, disappointed in their manœuvre, were now obliged to receive the attack in all its terrible force, and the result was dreadful. Thousands of their horsemen were dashed from their saddles, and either killed by the first blow of the lances of the knights, or slaughtered by the men on foot, who followed in the bloody work of the cavalry, and completed the work of death that had been so fearfully begun.

The king, who had hitherto kept himself in reserve, directing the manœuvres of his army with wondrous coolness and generalship, now dashed into the thickest of the fight, followed by his boldest Norman knights and trustiest Englishmen, who composed a portion of the main body. Richard's work that day was marvellous. Trusting to his own powers and personal strength, he dashed his horse—it was his favorite Cyprus charger—wherever the Saracens thronged thickest or the fighting was the hardest. His mighty arm, wielding the famous battle-axe of English steel, soon cleared the way, and striking down all that opposed, now on the right, and now on the left, made a wide passage through the dense ranks of the Saracens, wherever the fierce king went,

leaving nothing but the dead to encumber his bloody progress. Richard settled the day by his prowess, seconded by his own brave subjects, who composed the main body of the army. The Saracens opposed to Richard and the centre of his army, could resist no longer, and fled to the hills pursued by the English and Normans.

The left wing had not been so successful, and the Burgundians, who formed a large portion of it, had been turned by the Turkish cavalry, but the Germans coming to the rescue, the men of Burgundy rallied, and the two, charging together, put the enemy to flight. The right wing, from the first, made a successful charge, and would have had reason to have congratulated itself upon the success of the day, had it not been its misfortune, as in fact that of the whole army, to lose that brave soldier and able leader, James d'Avesnes. This knight's impetuosity carried him far ahead of his men into the midst of the Saracens, and although he gave a good account of himself by his acts of desperate valor, he was overpowered by numbers and wounded in the thigh. This wound, though severe, and bleeding profusely, did not weaken his nerve or dull his spirit, but he fought on with unabated energy, and had nearly succeeded in clearing himself from the crowd with which he was struggling, when he received a blow from one of the many hands raised against him, and fell to the ground. He had been carried in the swaying of

the struggling combatants toward where King Richard was fast clearing a way of safety for his brave knight and deeply-loved friend, but sunk before they reached each other. D'Avesnes, however, was sufficiently near to be heard by his royal master, and turning his face toward Richard, said with his dying voice, "Brave king, avenge my death!" Richard faithfully obeyed the dying injunction, and soon covered the bloody corpse of his brave friend with a heap of the slain enemy.

The Crusaders pushed their advantage by continuing in pursuit of the flying Turks to the mountains, where they sought refuge in the passes and fastnesses. The ardor of the pursuers carried them beyond the bounds of prudence, and they came near suffering a loss, which would have been deemed, in those chivalrous times, an indelible stain upon their glory. The standard of the English king had been planted on the battle-field under the guard of a very small body of Norman and English. A considerable force of Saracens, who had not been in the heat of battle, came up at a moment that the Crusaders were at the distance in eager pursuit of the enemy, and struck a blow for the English standard. The brave guard gallantly defended themselves, and kept the Turkish tigers at bay for a considerable time, but would have been obliged at last to have yielded in the unequal struggle, had not the bold French knight, William de Barres, returning with some of

his men from the pursuit, come up and beat off the Saracens, and sent them to follow the steps of their fugitive comrades.

Nor were the Christians, even now, although they had so completely defeated the Saracens, free of annoyance from the skirmishing parties. Although the Turks had proved, on that fatal day, on the plain of Assur their total inability to cope with Richard on a fair field, they could still, by their knowledge of the country, and the swiftness of their Arab horses, keep up with effect that *guerilla* warfare in which they so much excelled. Accordingly, on the very night of the battle, while the Crusaders were fixing their tents, a fresh body of Saracen light-horse sallied out from an unexpected quarter and charged, at an unguarded moment, upon the camp of the Crusaders. The king, aroused by the noise, sprang to his horse, and followed only by fifteen knights, rushed into the *melée*, and shouting, "God for us and the Holy Sepulchre!" struck such terror into the Saracens that they fled precipitately.

The Crusaders now retired to their tents, wearied with fatigue and sated with the glory of the day. The victory they had won was one of the greatest in the military annals of ancient or modern times. Richard had proved himself not only the brave knight but the great general. With a force, the tithe only of his enemy, he had, by his skillful tactics and manœuvres, gained a great victory over greatly

superior numbers, whereas, if he had trusted merely to the personal strength and undaunted courage of his men, he would have been sure to have been overwhelmed.

That thirty thousand Crusaders should have victoriously struggled against and driven from the field three hundred thousand Saracens, seems too marvellous for the sober record of history, yet history justly claims it as a truth which no one can refuse to acknowledge. To Richard's military genius was the great victory solely due, and when we study the exhibition of its power, in the able conduct of that day, on the battle-field of Assur, we no longer marvel at the magnitude of the result, but contemplate with wonder and admiration the man who effected it.

The loss of the Saracens in that great battle was twenty thousand, according to the best authorities, although others make a lower estimate. The fighting began in the morning and continued until night-fall. The Christians lost but few, and among them the only man of note was James d'Avesnes, while the Sultan left thirty-two of his great officers of the rank of emirs dead on the field.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Saracens had retreated from the battle-field of Assur in great disorder, but in a few days succeeded in gathering together from their various places of refuge. They had been so dispersed by their helter-skelter flight, and were so fearful of their pursuers, that they widely straggled from each other, and hid themselves in the most remote and inaccessible fastnesses of the hills. On the thronging together again of his scattered forces, Saladin convoked an assembly of his chief officers and men of authority to resolve upon the plan of action for the future. The Sultan did not attempt to conceal the impression the great blow of the Christians had made upon him. He had now for forty years been a warrior, and in almost every battle during that long life of warfare, had been a victor, and he confessed that such a defeat he had never before suffered, nor in his long and glorious career of conquest inflicted. His ablest generals and his officers of state showed by their emotions and by every word they uttered, that they felt, like their Sultan, the whole weight of the blow. Terror had evidently struck to the hearts of all, and every one,

from Saladin to the meanest Turk, trembled for the safety of Palestine. Neither the brave Saladin, nor the most daring of his officers thought for a moment of venturing a second time in open conflict with the formidable Richard. It was now proposed to divide the Saracen army; that one half should be led by Saladin to the fortified city of Ascalon, with the view of either defending it against the expected assault of the Christians, or so dismantling and demolishing it as to make it not worth the attempt, and that the other half of the forces should be left under the command of the Sultan's brother, Malek-al-Adel, to watch the manœuvres of the Crusaders. These propositions were acceded to, and the plan of operations adopted accordingly.

Richard, after remaining in his encampment on the battle-field for two days, marched on the third to Jaffa, the Joppa of the Bible, of which he took possession. The fortifications of this city had been destroyed by the Saracens, but the place was well supplied with provisions, and the rich vineyards and fields of the fertile country in the neighborhood offered an abundance of luscious fruit and corn. Joppa *was*, we might say *is*, for it is the same town under the modern appellation of Jaffa, situated on the coast of Palestine, about twenty miles from Jerusalem. The position of the city is most beautiful, looking seaward to the west, and surrounded on every other point by a picturesque country, varied by hill and

vale. The valleys are fertile and well-cultivated, and the mountains, verdant at their base with the luxuriant growth of that warm climate and generous soil, gradually rise into the colder strata of the atmosphere, where the trees grow less frequent and the foliage more scant, until finally the acclivities becoming bare and desolate, they terminate in a summit of snow, or in a fierce outburst of volcanic flame. The vine, the olive, and the fig are cultivated, and supply an abundance of luscious product. There was much in the city of Joppa, although laid waste by the destructive sweep of the Saracens, with its abundance, the products of its fields, and the fruits of its vineyards and gardens, its picturesque position, amid the contrasting beauties and sublimities of nature, its warm climate, gently tempered by the moist breath of the Mediterranean, its voluptuous eastern women, inclined to pleasure and society, to tempt the wearied Crusaders to the indulgence of indolent ease and luxurious enjoyment. The warriors again, as at Acre, threw off their heavy armor, lengthened out their fatigued limbs, and unbent their cramped sinews in the soft repose of leisure and wantonness.

Let us, however, return to Saladin, who had now reached Ascalon, where he was deliberating upon the proposed plan of destroying its fortifications. The long siege which had been undergone by the Saracens at Acre, with its sufferings and futile result, was too fresh in the remembrance of the besieged to permit

them to view as practicable another attempt to sustain a fortified town against the impetuous and yet patiently-continued assaults of the Crusaders. The feeling of the army was opposed to another siege, and strongly in favor of the expedient of destroying the city of Ascalon. Saladin, however, was loth to be guilty of this barbarism, and exclaimed, with a burst of agonized emotion, to Bohaddin, the Arabian historian, who accompanied the Sultan in his expeditions, "By Allah! I would rather see all my sons dead before me, than pull down one stone of that noble city; but since it is his will, and necessary for the safety of the Moslem, let it be done!" The order was given, and the destruction of the city begun. Ascalon was in those days one of the most important towns on the coast of Palestine. It was there that the Mohammedan Egyptians were wont to gather in communion with those of the same faith from Jerusalem, and the place was deemed the connecting link between the two people.

The Crusaders at Joppa heard of this destructive act of Saladin, but could not believe that the Sultan would thus overthrow in ruin one of his strongest citadels and fairest cities. Richard, doubting the intelligence received through the escape and arrival in Joppa of some of the inhabitants of Ascalon, determined to seek more trustworthy information. He accordingly equipped one of his swiftest galleys and sent her to cruise down the coast and approach

as near as possible to Ascalon. Guy of Lusignan was commissioned by the king to go in her and report his observations. On his return, he confirmed all that had been stated by the fugitive towns-people of Ascalon. On hearing this, a council was held at once to deliberate upon an act in which the Crusaders felt themselves so deeply interested. The council were, with the exception of a single dissentient voice, all in favor of remaining at Joppa, since, as they urged, it was only thirty miles from Jerusalem, and conveniently situated for preparing to march against that holy city. King Richard's was the dissentient voice, and he proposed a different policy, the boldness of which was in conformity with his brave spirit.

"Let us march at once," he said, "against the infidel Turks, and, driving them from the walls of Ascalon, save the city which they have doomed to destruction. When they hear of our coming, they will not have time to turn a stone, but will need every minute to make ready to escape from our vengeance."

This spirited proposition was borne down by acclamation in favor of the more timid plan. According to the Arabian historians, had Ascalon been taken possession of by the Crusaders at that time, Saladin, so greatly was he discouraged by his late defeat, would have probably abandoned all his conquests and even yielded up Jerusalem itself. The English king's proposition would have been the most politic, as it was

the boldest, and proved his military capacity as it did his lion-hearted courage.

It was now proposed, in accordance with the determination to remain in Joppa, to repair its dismantled walls and towers. Richard had now full opportunity of judging of the sincerity of those who had so strongly urged the advantages to the Crusade, of remaining where they were. Orders were given to commence operations on the fortifications, and the advocates of the plan were expected to set to work with spirit. All, however, seemed loth to begin, and what they had unwillingly commenced, they were reluctant to continue, and the important work was neglected. The delights of ease and the enjoyments of the town were now clearly the chief motives of Richard's opponents. The Duke of Burgundy, who had been among the most determined of these, and the French under his command, showed themselves most averse to labor, and yielded with less restraint to the dissipated life at Joppa. Several of the knights, with a recollection of their former enjoyment at Acre, went back there, drawn by the seductive charms of their sweethearts, who dwelt in the tender corners of the hearts of these fierce warriors, not altogether hardened by all the trials of a long and bloody campaign.

Richard was greatly troubled by this relapse of his army into their former habits of indolence and dissipation. He now struggled to raise his warriors out

of this slough of wanton indulgence. The king made a journey to Acre purposely to bring his recreant knights to their duty, and succeeded in bringing most of them back to Joppa. He brought also with him the Queen Berengaria, his sister Joan, and the princess of Cyprus.

Richard was exceedingly fond of the hunt, and as the forests and plains in the neighborhood of Joppa affording him a full opportunity for his favorite sport, he frequently indulged himself in the company of a small band of his favorite knights. Nor were these sports of the field unaccompanied with danger, which seemed to add an additional attraction to the king, in affording his love of hazardous adventure frequent chance of gratification. On one occasion Richard, with his falcon on his wrist, rode out in a group of a few knights to take a turn at hawking, in which he greatly delighted. The day was hot, and the sport more than usually good, and the king, with his wonted ardor, had entered into it with great spirit, but having ridden hard, became exhausted with heat and fatigue. He accordingly dismounted, and throwing himself under the shade of a spreading tree, was soon wrapt in a sound slumber. The Saracens were about at their old mischief of skirmishing and looking out for stragglers, and a large troop, passing by, spied the king. In order to approach without exciting the attention of the knights and awakening Richard, they walked their

horses gently through a neighboring wood, and were just upon the sleeping king and his careless knights, ready to pounce upon them and make an easy capture, which would have redounded to their glory for ever, and given them an opportunity of making the acceptable offering of a royal prisoner to their lord the Sultan.

One of the Saracen horses, however, was startled at the sight of the strange warriors in their dashing hunting suits, and the noise of its plunging among the under-growth, attracted the attention of a knight, who aroused the king from his heavy sleep. Richard sprung to his horse, and had hardly lifted himself into his saddle, when the Saracen horsemen were within the reach of his arm. The king, always ready, drew his sword and struck down the foremost, when the others fled for their lives and Richard after them, shouting with great glee, for he gloried in such adventure, more even than in his favorite pursuit of hawking. He had not galloped far when another body of Saracens suddenly appeared from an ambush of thickly-set trees, and set upon the king and knights. The Saracens tried to dismount them by pulling them from their horses, and although they found this no easy matter, they bid fair for success in the attempt by force of numbers. The king, although known to be among the group of knights, was not personally recognized by the Saracen horsemen, and their purpose was to carry them all off to

make sure of the royal prisoner. While struggling, William de Pratelle, a knight of Provence, seeing the danger of his royal master, cried out, with a generous self-sacrifice, "Stand back, Infidel Turks that ye are, I am the king." The Saracen horsemen then all at once surrounded De Pratelle, and making him prisoner, rode off in great glee, abandoning the others. Thus was Richard and the cause of the Crusaders saved by the noble devotion of the knight of Provence. It was impossible to rescue the captive, for only two or three knights were left able to mount their horses, four having been killed and others wounded in the struggle. The generous William de Pratelle was at the earliest moment restored to freedom by the interposition of Richard, who never forgot a friend, nor failed to compensate an act of devotion by his lasting gratitude.

The works at Joppa went on slowly, and the demoralization of the Crusaders increased. The knights and soldiers yielding more and more to idleness and enjoyment, became languid and averse to duty. The king determined to enkindle the war spirit again among his followers, and accordingly drew out his forces from the city, and encamped them. The rude life of the camp, with its severe discipline and soldier's fare, the king knew would soon invigorate the strength and revive the old spirit of his men. The site chosen for the camp was between the castles of Planes and Macy. These had been partly demol-

ished, and hard work was here in store for some of the Crusaders, who were set to repairing them. Richard kept others busy by sending them out on expeditions to obtain supplies by ravaging the country around. They occasionally met with the Saracens on these free-booting excursions, with whom they had frequent bloody encounters.

On one occasion a foraging party made up of Knight Templars sallied out for the purpose of obtaining a supply of fodder for their horses. They had reached a fine field of grass in the neighborhood of the Castle of Macy, and had cut down a supply which they were gathering into bundles ready to carry off, when a large body of Turkish horsemen came upon them, while they were off their horses, engaged in their work. The knights formed themselves, while on foot, in close array, and prepared to defend themselves, resolved to sell their lives at the heaviest price their courage could command. The odds were fearfully against them. The Saracens amounted to over four thousand, well armed and equipped, while the Templars were a mere handful, dismounted, and provided merely with their short swords. At the first attack of the Turks, three Templars were struck down and slain, and the survivors had to struggle in a hand-and-hand conflict with the overpowering numbers of the enemy. A small body of some fifteen of their order came up at this moment to the rescue, and valiantly struck a

blow for their comrades. The foremost of the Saracens were made to bite the dust by the first shock of the gallant band, but this advantage, on the part of the Templars, was but temporary. The immense throng of the Turks, which supplied dozens for every man slain, was irresistible. King Richard, from the lofty tower of the neighboring Castle of Macy, espied the tumult, and could hear by the shouts, and see by the clouds of dust that a desperate encounter was going on. "What have we there?" said the king to a knightly companion by his side. "Some Templars at blows with the infidels, and methinks the Turks are like to have the better of the day," answered his attendant. Richard did not much like the Templars, for that order affected an air of superiority over his own knights, and had sided with Conrad against the king's party. "Would that they were other than those holy rebels," resumed Richard, "but I must to their rescue, for it shall never be said I forsook a brave knight in his peril." So the king hastened to put on his armor, and in the mean time sent the brave English Earl of Leicester to their aid. This operation of putting on armor was a tedious affair, and before he was ready a messenger hurried to him with word that the Templars and the Earl were being overborne by the host of Turks. So, without more ado, Richard mounted his horse, and shouting, "St. George! St. George! to the rescue!" spurred into the thickest

of the struggle. Laying about him with his usual vigor, and springing upon the leader of the enemy, a noble emir, to whom he had cleared a way through his thickly-set guard, unhorsed him by a single blow, and the Turk laid dead on the ground. The rest of the Saracens now turned their horses' heads and fled.

Such was no uncommon incident, and the Crusaders had ample opportunity for the like exhibitions of their valor, as we have just recorded. The knights gloried in such adventures, and sought every occasion for the trial of their powers. The king himself was always foremost in these encounters, and only laughed at the constant entreaties of his friends, who urged him not to expose his valuable life. These feats of personal daring were bruited throughout Palestine, and the people heard with wonder of the great prowess of Richard and his brave knights, who assumed, in their oriental imaginations, the marvellous character of avenging spirits, invulnerable to all human means of attack.

A negotiation, calculated to affect seriously the interests of the Crusaders, was now disclosed. It will be recollected that Conrad was the disappointed competitor for the throne of Jerusalem. Although he apparently gave in his adherence to the arrangement that was decided upon by the Crusaders, he was evidently a disappointed man, and had retired to Tyre, after the departure of his chief friend and

advocate, Philip of France, to brood over his wrongs and plot for the establishment of what he contended was his right. Conrad now sent a messenger to Saladin, who, having completed his ruin at Ascalon, had retired to Ramula, which was directly in the course of the Crusaders, should they take up their march for Jerusalem. Conrad's messenger was authorized to make a proposition to the Sultan to this effect: that if the latter would secure to the former the possession of Tyre, Sidon, and Berytus, (Beyroot,) he, Conrad, would declare at once against the Crusaders, and give his aid, if required, in driving them out of the Holy Land. Saladin listened to this proposition with a favorable ear, and was disposed to accept it, but while negotiating with Conrad, a greater than he, King Richard himself, had his proposals to offer for a treaty with the infidel.

This is certainly a new era in the history of the Crusades, where we find the Christian and the infidel entertaining propositions for treaties of alliance. Richard proposed, as the basis of a treaty of peace with Saladin, the cession of Jerusalem and that part of Palestine between the sea and the river Jordan, and the giving up of the true cross. Saladin dispatched his brother Saphadin, (Malek-al-Adel,) who had, as we have learned, the command of one half of the Saracen army, to treat with Richard in person. They could not agree, however, on terms, and the negotiation was broken off. The

feeling, however, between the two monarchs had greatly changed; Richard and Saladin mutually admired each other, and in their common chivalry forgot their differences of religion. The Sultan had always shown a gallant courtesy toward his great antagonist, and while Richard was prostrate with a raging fever in the camp before Acre, Saladin had sent him stores of the fruits of the country, the luscious plums of Damascus and juiciest pears and peaches, and various oriental luxuries, among which was the pure snow from the summits of the mountains, with which to cool his sherbet and other refreshing beverages. The king highly appreciated these courtesies, and, moreover, admired the Sultan for his bearing on all occasions as a gallant enemy. This increasing good will between the monarchs led to an assuagement of the horrors of the war they were waging with each other. At first no quarter had been given by the Christians or Turks; whoever fell into their power was mercilessly butchered; but now a more humane system prevailed, and prisoners were treated with forbearance until exchanged or otherwise delivered up.

The brother of the Sultan did much by his courtesy and his diplomatic skill in strengthening the mutual regard of the antagonistic but chivalrous monarchs. Richard was so far won over, that he absolutely conferred the honor of knighthood upon a son of Saphadin, which greatly excited the indignation of the

religious knights, who had little sympathy with Richard's broader views and more liberal spirit.

The great king did not stop here; he astounded all Christendom by offering his sister Joan in marriage to Saphadin. This Christian lady heard the proposition with horror and religious dismay, and declared that she would resist, at all hazards, the unholy embraces of an infidel Turk. The Christian knights with one accord approved her spirit and piety, and swore by all that was holy that they would support her resolve with their swords. The king was obliged to yield. The Sultan had concurred at once in the proposed marriage, and his brother was in nowise averse to taking to his Moslem arms a Christian woman, who, though no longer very young, was still attractive. All hope, however, of negotiation was now abandoned, in consequence of the spirited resistance of the pious Joan, and the fierce threats of the Christian knights. Richard had more of the policy of the statesman than of the superstition of the devotee in his composition, and, guided by worldly wisdom, if not by heavenly charity, thought calmly of conciliation when his fanatic followers raved fiercely for persecution. The humanity of peace promised to bless the politic plans of the king. The inhumanity of war was the certain result of the fanatic determination of the Crusaders. Richard, now finding his pacific views overruled, resolved to push on the campaign with spirit, and accordingly

marched toward Jerusalem. The Crusaders first reached Ramula, the Arimathea of the Bible, about thirty miles from Jerusalem, and thence proceeded to Bethanopolis. Here the Crusaders determined to make a stand, and resisted Richard's earnest desire to push on at once to Jerusalem and make himself master of the holy city. The king was thus thwarted in all his plans, whether of peace or war. He was always in advance of the other leaders of the Crusade, and as without him they could have done nothing, without them he could have done much more. It was now the season when the rain poured down almost incessantly for months, and it was accordingly urged by the Templars and Hospitallers that the exposure of the army during a lengthened siege in the rainy season of winter, would be disastrous to the health of the soldiers. The king unwillingly yielded and gave the order for a retreat to their old quarters at Joppa.

The winter was now passed in this city, and during its long inactivity, a spirit of insubordination fermented among the unsettled characters of the Crusaders. During an active campaign, when danger threatened, Richard was the great centre of hope, about which the bright chivalry of Christendom crystallized, giving united firmness and splendor to the common cause; but now, in the torpidity of winter quarters, when no menaced peril stirred the general mass, each restless leader frothed upon the surface,

and resisted the attraction of Richard, the great central nucleus of the Crusade.

The Dukes of Burgundy and Austria, were the foremost of these uneasy spirits, who now showed their restlessness under the authority of the king by opposing every proposition he offered, and thwarting every plan he devised. Richard was for marching, now that the rainy season was over, directly upon Jerusalem. The Dukes of Burgundy and Austria strenuously objected, and substituted a plan of their own: this was to march to Ascalon and build up the fortifications of that city, although these same men had vehemently opposed the former proposition of Richard, to proceed thither and drive away the Saracens before they had accomplished its destruction. Now that, however, it was in complete ruins, and the work of fortifying it would be tenfold more arduous, these factious leaders urged the taking possession of Ascalon. Their motive was evidently only the most contemptible spite and violent envy of the noble Richard.

When the order was given to march, the soldiers were almost ready to resist in open rebellion. They, to a man, were in favor of the spirited expedient of storming Jerusalem at once, and had such a horror of the temporizing policy of a march to Ascalon, that they murmured their discontent so palpably, as to alarm the leaders with the danger of open resistance. The French soldiers, under the command of the Duke

of Burgundy, now grumbled against the expedition, though proposed by their own commander, and many of them deserted and enrolled themselves under the standard of Conrad at Tyra.

Richard, however, always resolute in completing what he had begun, showed the example, himself, of intrepid faithfulness to duty, and urged his followers to do likewise. Notwithstanding the disaffection of the troops, the scanty supply of provisions, the inclemency of the weather, and much sickness, the army was led to Ascalon, where it arrived early in January of the year 1192.

The Crusaders were at once busily engaged in the reconstruction of the fortifications of the city. The king showed a good example by working in person at the masonry, and he was followed by the noblest princes and bravest knights, as well as by the most renowned ecclesiastics, bishops, priests, and clerks, who all set to work like common laborers. The Duke of Austria, however, was too superb to engage in this humble occupation, though the king of England had shown him the example. This absurdly magnificent noble replied, when Richard urged him to lend his aid to the labor in which king as well as common soldier was earnestly engaged, that he was not the son of a carpenter or of a mason, and that he would put his hand to no such vulgar business. The king is said to have been so disgusted with this paltry exhibition of ducal mean-

ness, that he contemptuously kicked his grace of Austria, and sent him, as well as his vassals, neck and heels out of the town. Richard had had an old quarrel with this Austrian duke, who was impudent enough to hoist his own standard upon one of the towers of Acre, after the Christians took possession, although he was the last man, on the score of merit, who had any right to such an honor. The king had, very properly, torn down the standard and cast it into the ditch, for which the Duke of Austria never forgave him; and his grace, in consequence, nursed a grudge against Richard, which he took the first safe opportunity of gratifying. Such was the spirit in which the work at the fortifications was carried on, that Ascalon soon presented its former appearance.

The Duke of Burgundy, like his master, Philip of France, had always been disaffected toward Richard, and now an occasion occurred which brought them to an open rupture. The duke called upon the king for a loan, which was refused on the ground that the French had already been liberally supplied. His grace of Burgundy, who only sought a fair excuse for a quarrel, pretended to take umbrage at this, and accordingly left the king in great dudgeon, and departed with most of the French troops for Acre. The Pisans and Genoese had wintered there, and as they always were at variance with each other, this close proximity and the temporary cessation of hostilities with the enemy, gave them an excellent

opportunity of indulging in their enmity to each other. The Pisans were warm adherents of the English king, and had, with him, espoused the cause of Guy of Lusignan, while the Genoese attached to Philip of France, had joined him in the advocacy of the cause of Conrad. In addition to this cause of disagreement there were the political difficulties which they brought with them from home. When the Duke of Burgundy and the French reached Acre, the Pisans and Genoese were drawn up in battle array on a plain before the city ready to decide by the sword the quarrel which had so long agitated them. The French joined the Genoese at once, who hailed their arrival with loud acclamations of joy. The Pisans, however, who were brave soldiers, and cared little for the French or the Genoese, commenced the attack, and in the first impetuous onslaught put the Genoese to flight, and unhorsed the Duke of Burgundy, who, together with his French, was fain to follow his allies. The Pisans then took their position within the walls of Acre, and, closing the gates, prepared to sustain a siege. Conrad was now called from Tyre to the aid of the Genoese, and, in nowise loth, gathered his forces and hastened to Acre, which he attempted to take by storm. The Pisans sent word to their friend King Richard, and while he was coming to the rescue defended themselves with great gallantry. As soon as Conrad and the Duke of Burgundy were made

aware of the approach of the formidable Richard, they hastily abandoned the siege, and fled in their ships to Tyre. On the arrival of the king the difficulties between the Genoese and the Pisans were set at rest.

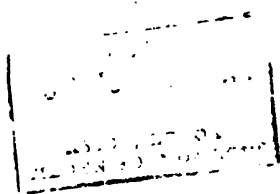
The Saracens finding that the Crusaders would be unprepared to engage in direct hostilities for some time, had disbanded for the winter and repaired to their homes, with an understanding that they should gather again in the month of May under the standard of Saladin and be prepared to carry on hostilities against the Christians with renewed vigor.

Richard had now returned to Ascalon, where, while his own faithful Normans and Englishmen had sped with the works on the city, the French, following their king's and the Duke of Burgundy's example, indolently held back from their duty, and when the king had returned, expressed their desire to abandon the Crusade. The emissaries of Conrad had been busy during Richard's absence, and had easily persuaded these disaffected persons to join the standard of the Marquis at Tyre. The king did not resist their desire, but seemed anxious to get rid of such useless and troublesome allies. "Go, butterfly soldiers," said the king, contemptuously, "and I will send with you a body-guard lest such summer warriors as you are may come to harm by the way." They left with the contempt of every brave man in Ascalon. Richard having completed the for-

tifications of this city, directed his energies toward the other towns and castles which had been dismantled, and constructed a chain of fortified posts from Acre to Ascalon.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE Richard was meditating the coming campaign against the Saracens, to which he, in spite of manifold difficulties from desertion, the discouragement and wasting away of his forces, looked forward with never-failing fortitude ; while the great king, confident in his resources, in his own capacious mind which conceived a remedy for every difficulty, and in his own untiring courage which never hesitated to apply it ; while the Christian monarch in imagination, which in the self-reliance of his genius was but the anticipation of reality, was planting the cross upon the towers of Jerusalem, and inviting all Christendom to fall down with himself and his devoted followers in worship at the tomb of God the Saviour ; while Richard, as soldier in battle, as victor in triumph, and as Christian in prayer, was thus passing in his palace at Ascalon the hours of declining day which invite to reverie as varied as the changing light, he was startled by the announcement of the arrival of a messenger from England. The current of the king's thoughts changed at once, and his features, which had settled to the calm of





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meditation, were ruffled into the disturbed expression of anxious impatience.

The Prior of Hereford entered. He came hurriedly into the royal presence, with that abrupt manner which showed that business, not ceremony, was uppermost in his mind. He bore letters from England, which the king caught at with a quick hand and eagerly read. They bore the signature of the Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, and gave Richard ominous intelligence of his kingdom. Prince John was acting the traitor, wrote the bishop, and was striding fast to the throne where he bid fair soon to fix himself a usurper of his absent brother's crown, unless Richard himself should return at once and vindicate his rights; so imminent was the danger, emphatically added the Chancellor, that with all haste it might even then be too late to escape it.

This was a severe blow to the king. He had left his kingdom in full confidence of its security, and with the most trusting faith of his brother's love and devotion to his interests. Richard had thus devoted his whole soul to the cause of the cross in the Holy Land, and had bent all his energies toward securing its triumph. With all the cares with which his career was beset in Palestine, the thought of the possibility of treason hatched within the shrine sacred to affection—in his own home—in the heart of a brother—never distilled its gall into his cup of bitterness.

Richard was sorely perplexed. He must now either leave his kingdom a prey to treason or abandon the cause of the Crusaders to other and less capable hands. That the danger of the former was imminent, the earnest appeal of the bishop left him not a ground for doubt. That the latter was full of risk he knew from the state of feeling among the Crusaders, and the formidable power of the enemy. The factious disorganization of the Christian army, with Conrad, the Duke of Burgundy, all the French, and a large portion of other leaders and soldiers of various nations gathered at Tyre, disaffected, on the one side, toward the king, his knights of Normandy and men of England, and some scattering forces from other parts of Christendom, on the other, was such as to give Richard the most anxious fears for the future. If he were gone, this disaffection would probably be inflamed into open hostilities, and the Christian world shamed by enmity with itself, before the very eyes of the infidel; and exposed alike to scorn and to ruin. Richard felt himself, as he was acknowledged by all, to be the Achilles of the cause of the Crusade, and if he were lost to it, he feared that all hope of the conquest of the holy city would also pass away. The king, however, resolved to return to England. When this announcement was made to his army, great was the tribulation. His warriors thronged about him, and clinging to his feet besought him, as

he was their only hope, to stay until the holy city might be taken. Deeply moved as Richard was, he was forced, by his duty to his own country, to refuse all their entreaties. His own feelings, he said, were with the Crusaders and their cause. To raise the standard of the cross upon the towers of Jerusalem, and drive away the scorner and infidel from the sepulchre of our Lord, had been the dream of his boyhood and the well-assured hope of his manhood. Now to be forced to abandon, perhaps for ever, the holy city to the heathen profanations of the Turk, agonized his heart almost to bursting.

Richard now called an assembly of the chief men of his army to deliberate upon the important question of appointing his successor. The king had always, since his arrival in Palestine, advocated the claims of Guy of Lusignan in opposition to Conrad. This had disaffected the marquis toward him, and had cooled that nobleman's ardor in the cause of the Crusades. Conrad, however, was much abler than Guy, and in fact, was the man whom undoubted courage and acknowledged capacity pointed out as the proper successor to the English king.

The question was submitted by Richard to his nobles, he telling them that there were two candidates, one of whom they were to choose, and that he left them freely to select him whom they deemed the best to command the army. Conrad was chosen by acclamation. The king had anticipated the re-

sult, and concurred in it with a heartiness that showed he approved of the choice. Henry of Champagne, the nephew of the king, with a number of the principal nobles, was commissioned to bear to Conrad, at Tyre, the announcement of his election, and the invitation of Richard to meet him at the earliest moment at Ascalon, to arrange about the succession and the approaching preparations for the campaign. On the arrival of the ambassadors, and the announcement of their mission, Conrad was pleased beyond measure. He was no less surprised, for such had been the feeling of enmity between him and Richard, that he never expected this act of generous conduct from his old opponent. The people of Tyre received the intelligence with great enthusiasm, and hailed their ruler, already in their aspiring imaginings, as the conqueror and king of all Palestine. This joy and this enthusiasm, however, met with a sudden disappointment, and were turned to sadness and wailing by the death of Conrad.

Conrad was returning from a dinner with the Bishop of Beauvais, where, receiving the congratulations and the enthusiastic welcome of his host and the noble guests, joy and hilarity had ruled the feast. Conrad left on horseback, attended only by a few of his personal friends, and had nearly reached his residence when two Assassins glided from behind a pillar, and suddenly coming upon him, plunged each a dagger deep into his heart, and the unfortunate noble-

man fell and died without a struggle. The companions of Conrad struck down one of the Assassins, but the other fled to a church. The body was conveyed to the same building, and placed near the altar, when the Assassin who had taken refuge there issued from his hiding-place and plunged another dagger deep into the lifeless corpse, as if he would make assurance doubly sure. The priests and attendants were horror-struck at the audacious sacrilege of the murderer, and some of the latter seized him. The Assassin was then submitted to the torture, and notwithstanding the cruel trials of the screw and the fagot he never uttered a word, but died in torment without disclosing the motive or the instigators of this dark tragedy.

In the centre of Persia, and also in Syria, at Alamut, in the former country, and at Massiat, in the latter, were splendid gardens, veritable Eastern paradises, surrounded by strongly-fortified walls, to be approached only through mountain-passes accessible to the initiated alone, which were guarded by lofty towers and protected by draw-bridges and the threatening portcullis.

These gardens were intersected with winding streams, the banks of which were shaded by groves of palm, through which stretched paths now hid in a depth of green, and again opening upon prospects of thick beds of ever-blooming roses, which filled the soft atmosphere with sweet odors and wrapped the

senses in an ecstasy of luxurious delight. There were vineyards revelling in the clustered abundance of the purple grape, and rejoicing in the fantastic and graceful forms of the vine, with the ever-varying curves of its supple branches and its curling tendrils, to which the gentle breeze gave a movement like the dance of young girls. There were far-extending orchards weighed down with luscious fruit. Avenues, overhung with trees which interposed a cool shadow by the intermingling of their foliage above, and exhaled from their aromatic breath an atmosphere of exhilarating odor, led to palaces, the exterior of which, perfect in architectural proportion and beauty, shone in all the splendor of pure white marble, varied in tasteful skill by the rich malachite and other rare stone from the quarries of the East; while the pavements of the passages in the interior were inlaid with ingenious designs in artful mosaic, or tessellated with variegated marbles, and cooled by fountains. The foot stepped ankle-deep in Persian carpets which adorned the chambers, while from the lofty walls hung silken damask of Arabesque or fantastic pattern. Drinking-vessels of gold and silver, overflowing with iced sherbets, glittered upon trays of pure crystal. Charming maidens, black-eyed and seductive as the houris of Mohammed's paradise, reclined upon soft cushions, and invited to pleasure. Playing on the harp, these beauties intermingled music with the songs of birds

and the murmur of the fountains. Every thing breathed pleasure and voluptuous rapture.

Amid such a scene of beauty and delight dwelt the prince of the Assassins. A youth whose strength and resolution was deemed worthy, having been chosen for initiation into the order, passed through the rugged ascent to the gates; the novitiate now being blindfolded was led into the presence of the prince. He was then intoxicated with the haschish, the opiate which is extracted from the Eastern hemp; and the bandage being removed, he was conducted out through the halls and into the gardens. His eyes were now first awakened to the charms we have attempted to describe, and his senses, a hundred-fold more acute from the stimulating influence of the haschish, were steeped in all that could delight the sensibility and excite the rising passion of youth. The young man soon sank into a state of lethargy from the influence of the opiate, and while in this state was carried back to the prince; when he awoke he was told that he had been translated to Paradise, and had enjoyed a foretaste of the bliss promised to the faithful who devote their lives to the service of the prince of Assassins. Such was the initiation of a novitiate into the order of the *Hashashins*, (whence the modern word Assassins is derived, so called from the drug *Haschish*, which bore so important a part in the ceremony,) who struck terror into the world for centuries. Marco Polo, the great Venitian traveller, verifies, in

every particular, the account we have given, and which agrees with that of the oriental writers and historians.

The prince of the Assassins was generally known to the Crusaders as the *Old Man of the Mountain*. Although there were two chief stations, each presided over by a head, a prince, or as he was termed, "Old Man of the Mountain," one in Persia and another in Syria, it is the latter who is generally alluded to in the history of the Crusades. One of the best accounts we have of the terrible order of the Assassins comes to us from two Christian bishops, who had an interview, in 1172, with an embassy from the chief. From this we learn that the Assassins were formerly the strictest observers of the laws of Mohammed, until a Grand-Master, of genius and erudition, and intimately, say the would-be proselyting ecclesiastics, acquainted with the Christian tenets and doctrines of the Gospel, abolished the Mohammedan prayers, annulled the fasts, and allowed all, without distinction, to drink wine and eat pork. The fundamental rule of their religion consisted in blind submission to their chief, by which alone they could obtain eternal life. This lord and master resided in the Persian province lying beyond Bagdad. At Alamut, which was the name of this place, young men were educated in secret tenets and pleasures, and well instructed in various languages, and then sent armed with their daggers

throughout the world, to murder Christians and Saracens without distinction; either from hatred, as being enemies of their order, or to please its friends, or for the sake of a rich reward. Those who had sacrificed their lives in the fulfillment of this duty were adjudged to greater happiness in paradise, as being martyrs; their surviving relatives were loaded with gifts, or if slaves, set at liberty. Thus was the world overrun by these young tigers, who, devoted to murder, issued joyfully from their lair to execute the bloody commands they had received. They disguised themselves in various ways; sometimes as monks, as soldiers, or as merchants, and at others as beggars. They appeared in such a variety of shapes, and conducted themselves with so much caution and secrecy, that no destined victim could escape their daggers. They aimed at no small game; but the great, the noble, and the wealthy were the objects of these sworn Assassins. At the time of Richard's conquests in the Holy Land, this terrible order had existed for five hundred years, and was supposed to number no less than sixty thousand. The retreats of the chief, in the mountains, were impregnable, whence issued the dread command to murder, and the obedient satellites were everywhere, with their thousand hands upon their poinards, ready to strike the blow of death.

Of the implicit obedience of the Assassins to their rulers we find recorded some remarkable examples.

An eastern sultan having sent his ambassador to the founder of the order to require his obedience and fealty, the latter summoned several of the initiated into his presence. Waving his hand gently to one of them, he said, "Kill thyself," and he on the instant plunged a dagger into his own heart; to another, "Throw thyself down from the rampart;" the command was hardly given when he fell, a mutilated corpse, in the moat. The prince of the Assassins then turning to the ambassador, who was trembling with fear, said, "Seventy thousand of my faithful subjects obey me thus. Be this my answer to your master."

Henry, Count of Champagne, King Richard's nephew, on one occasion visited the *Old Man of the Mountain* in his fastness at Massiat in Palestine. The prince of the Assassins having heard that Henry was in Armenia, sent to him, requesting a visit on his return from that country, assuring him of a hearty welcome, as he had long desired to see him. The count replied he willingly accepted, and accordingly went. When the prince of the Assassins was informed of the approach of Henry, he went out to meet him, and receiving him with great courtesy and show of respect, accompanied him back through his fortresses and gardens to one of his castles. This castle was surmounted by lofty turrets. At each look-out stood two guards clothed all in white, which was the dress of the initiated. Then said the prince of the Assassins, "Sir Count, your Christians

will not do for you what my men will for me."

"Sir," replied the count, "that may well be."

Whereupon the prince gave the word, and the two men in white leaped from the lofty tower, and their necks were broken. The count greatly marvelled and said that truly he had none such who would do so much for him. Then the prince remarked, "Sir, if you desire it, I will make every man you see leap down." The count refused the polite offer. After a somewhat lengthened visit, during which he was treated with great courtesy and hospitality, the prince loaded him with presents of jewels, and giving him an escort of faithful Assassins, promised that he would always be his friend, and if at any time he should have a troublesome prince or nobleman that he wanted to dispose of, he had only to call upon him, and a trusty Assassin or so would be placed at his service at once, and his enemy dispatched without fail. The death-blow of Conrad was given by two of this terrific order of Assassins, who, in the disguise of monks and by the daily and strict performance of religious offices, had eluded the suspicion of the people of Tyre. The purpose of the murder was to avenge an injury, which the prince of Assassins never forgot or forgave. One of his ships had put into Tyre in consequence of a storm, and being instantly taken possession of by Conrad, was plundered and the commander put to death. Two of the surest emissaries of the *Old Man's* revenge were dispatched,

and watching their opportunity, fearfully washed out the insult in the blood of Conrad and their own.

King Richard has been charged with this dreadful murder; but the act is so inconsistent with the character of the fearless king who was ever ready to face his enemy, and the motive so hard to discover, that we should reject at once the charge as baseless. Moreover, there is a letter extant addressed by the *Old Man of the Mountain* to the king of France, which artful and envious prince was probably the author of the slander, in the course of which the chief of the Assassins emphatically denies that the king of England was in any way concerned in the murder of Conrad, and avers positively that his death was commanded by himself, to avenge an insult and injury, and the command faithfully obeyed by his Assassins. The genuineness of this letter has been denied, and is supposed by some authorities to have been written by an English hand to deceive the world into a belief that Richard was innocent. Von Hammer, the latest authority, who has written the fullest account of the Assassins, says there is great reason to believe that Lord of Thorm had employed the Assassins to serve his revenge against Conrad for having appropriated to himself Thorm's wife, Isabel, and the crown of Jerusalem. Saladin and others have also been suspected. The best testimony, however, which accords with the character of the lion-

hearted hero agrees in cleansing the great Richard's hands from the foul deed.

Henry of Champagne and the nobles who had accompanied him on the mission to Conrad, were on their return, and had reached Acre, when they heard of the assassination. They immediately returned to Tyre, which was in a state of great affliction and excitement in consequence of the appalling death of the popular Conrad. Disputes soon arose in regard to the succession. The French forces, which were gathered in Tyre to the number of ten thousand, presumed upon their strength, and summoned Isabel, the widow of Conrad, to deliver up the control of the city to them in behalf of their king, Philip of France. To which she replied with spirit, that she did not acknowledge the French king as having claim to the possessions of her late husband or of herself, but added that if the king of England should come, as he was the only true leader of the Crusade, she would yield up her power to his disposition, but to none other.

The arrival of Henry of Champagne at this emergency, settled all the difficulty. He was a universal favorite, and as he was a nephew of both Philip and Richard, his mother having been the daughter of Queen Eleanor by her first husband, Louis of France, the French and the English were equally proud of him. His gracious manners, his youth, and manly bearing, and his gallant accomplishments won the

affection and admiration of all. King Richard loved him as a son, and was proud of his early success and confident in the promise he gave of future greatness. Henry reciprocated this love and admiration, and considered it the highest honor to be mentioned as the nephew of the lion-hearted king.

So popular was the Count of Champagne with the people of Tyre, that they proposed he should wed Isabella, the widow of Conrad, and become their lord and master at once. The Count was not averse to the proposition; for the widow was still young and attractive, and the alliance opened to his ambition a prospect his aspiring spirit was eager to reach. Henry, however, asked for a delay until he could assure himself of the permission of his uncle. Richard eagerly assented, as the alliance promised so well for the honor and glory of his beloved nephew. Immediately after, the marriage was celebrated, and the crown of Jerusalem was declared as the joint right of Henry and Isabella, who assumed the title of queen, while the former modestly continued to style himself merely Count of Champagne.

CHAPTER IX.

RICHARD still lingered in the Holy Land. He could not tear himself away from his long-cherished hope of striking a blow for Jerusalem, and winning that crown of glory which was the loftiest aspiration of the Christian warrior. The tomb of the Saviour, through the dark portals of which the Crusader saw the glorious sun of his immortal hopes, was yet guarded in scornful derision of all Christendom by the infidel.

Messenger after messenger arrived from England, each bearing more doleful accounts than the preceding one of the state of the kingdom. King Philip of France, in spite of his solemn oath to Richard on his departure for the Holy Land, sought the first occasion to injure the absent king and despoil him of his rights. As soon as he heard of the death of Conrad, he charged Richard publicly with the crime. He filled all Europe with his slanders, and doubled his guard on the pretense that his own life was threatened by the hand of the Assassins, hired by the English king. In all this the purpose of the perjured monarch was very apparent. He sought an excuse to justify in the eyes of the world an attempt upon

the dominions of Richard. He in fact prepared to invade Normandy, and was only prevented from carrying out his purpose by the more scrupulous honor of his barons, who refused to perjure themselves by attacking what they had sworn to protect. Not succeeding in this plan, Philip made overtures to John, who was a ready listener to a treasonable proposition. The French king promised his sister Alice to this prince, and offered to put him in possession of all his brother Richard's English possessions. John greedily assented, and was preparing to cross the Channel into England.

Such was the intelligence brought by the last messenger from England to Richard; and yet the king lingered in the Holy Land. His mind was bewildered by these opposing motives; but he was led to a decision finally by the action of the nobles and knights, who at a great council held, came to the unanimous resolve of marching against Jerusalem, whether Richard remained or no. When this determination was announced to the king, he immediately proclaimed throughout the army that he would not leave the Holy Land until after Easter in the following year. This announcement was received with great joy by every Crusader.

The French, whose vanity had been gratified by the election of their own countryman, Henry of Champagne, to the throne of Jerusalem, were now disposed to join hand in hand with the other Cru

saders in their attempt upon Jerusalem. They were accordingly withdrawn from Tyre, and marched with the Duke of Burgundy and Henry of Champagne at their head to join Richard at Ascalon.

The Crusaders were now in a high state of enthusiasm preparing for their march to Jerusalem. With the great champion of the cross, the lion-hearted king himself, to lead them, every Christian soldier in the camp enjoyed already in advance the triumph of a victory, and felt that the coming campaign was but a devout pilgrimage to the tomb of our Lord. The great cause for which the Crusaders had so long struggled, had endured every hardship, and for which the blood of their brethren had been so profusely shed, was on the eve of a great triumph. All of every nation of Christendom were now gathered again together under the common standard of the cross. The French, from Tyre, had reached Ascalon, and vied with the Normans, the English, the Germans, the Genoese, the Pisans, the Knight Templars and those of St. John, in enthusiasm for the last great conflict which was to drive away from the Holy City for ever the infidel, and secure the sepulchre for the pious pilgrimage and worship of the Christian believer.

Previous to marching, Richard performed an act of generous liberality toward his old friend, Guy of Lusignan. He bestowed upon him the island of Cyprus, which the King of England had so gallantly

conquered. Richard thus succeeded in reconciling Guy, and securing his nephew Henry, Count of Champagne, from a troublesome disputant of the crown of Jerusalem.

It was now early in June when the camp of the Crusaders at Ascalon was broken up, and the army commenced its march. On arriving at Bethanopolis, within about twenty miles of Jerusalem, the Crusaders came to a halt, and encamped until the arrival of Henry of Champagne, who had been dispatched to bring up those Crusaders who had remained at Acre.

Saladin, aware of the unanimity of the Christian forces, and of their proposed march to Jerusalem, gathered his troops from all quarters, and mustered a formidable array of Saracens, who took up their position among the mountains which extend their chain between Bethanopolis and Jerusalem. Saladin commenced his old system of tactics; and hanging upon the march of the Crusaders, pounced upon the rear, or cut off the stragglers. Sometimes the Turks would flock down into the plains and provoke the Christians to battle; at others they would make a sortie from their fastnesses in the mountains, and rapidly receding from their attack, tempt the impetuous Crusaders to follow them into the recesses of the hills. When Richard led the attack or directed the pursuit, the Saracen was sure to suffer for his presumption. The English king took great delight

in driving back the Turks into their hiding-places. One morning in particular, says Aytoun, he chased them so far that he found himself unexpectedly at the fountain of Emmaus, and in sight of the Holy City, with all its minarets and turrets gilded by the early sun. The prospect of that place, for the redemption of which he had come so far, affected him even to tears ; nor was it without great difficulty that his attendants could persuade him to retire from so dangerous a vicinity.

Richard's thoughts were again turned toward his distant home. A more earnest appeal than ever urged him to return to his kingdom ; treason within and attack from abroad threatened to overwhelm his dominions and expose his throne to the first usurper. The king's mind was again distracted by conflicting emotion. Jerusalem was within his grasp, and he had, as it were, but to advance a step and reach out his arm to the crown of glory which awaited him. The Saracens were anticipating, in dread, the coming event, and forsook the city in crowds. But the brave hero was averted from the glorious rising of his sun in the east by the dark cloud and the mutterings of the storm which were threatening in the west. If the king had not been thus bewildered, but had pushed on with his accustomed vigor to the walls of Jerusalem, there can be little doubt that the conquest of the holy city would have added the crowning triumph to his great career. The king, however,

remained undetermined, and for the first time the onward man hesitated to move—a sad spectacle of the annihilation of power by two opposing forces.

The army thus passed a whole month in almost a complete state of inactivity, varied only by an occasional skirmish with the enemy. Provisions began to be very scarce, and the soldiers were discouraged by idleness and want. Joppa was the nearest sea-port town, and they looked to it for the much needed supplies. Accordingly messengers were sent to that city, and soon a caravan loaded with provisions set out for the camp at Bethanopolis. It was escorted by a few brave knights. Saladin had intelligence of its approach, and aware of the great need of the enemy, determined to cut it off. He accordingly dispatched a large body of Saracens, who were ordered to conceal themselves in ambuscade near a narrow gorge, through which the road passed, and await the coming up of the caravan, when they were to rush upon the escort and seizing every man of them, carry off the supplies. The Crusaders were caught in the snare and found themselves at the mercy of the Saracens, who impetuously attacked the knights, disarmed them, and carried them off to the mountains. Before, however, the Saracens could carry off their booty, the English Earl of Leicester fortunately came up with a large force, and keeping off the enemy, secured the much-needed supplies.

The necessity of doing something was now so

urgently felt, that a great council was summoned of all the chiefs and knights to deliberate upon the plans for the future. Richard was now opposed to marching against Jerusalem, and said to those—among whom were all the French to a man—who were in favor of such a step, that if they were fixed in their determination, he would go with them, that it might never be said he deserted the cause, but it would be as a follower, not as leader. He would never take the responsibility of what he believed must certainly result in disaster and ruin. The grounds upon which this opinion averse to a march upon Jerusalem was founded were stated at length. So thoroughly fortified were the walls of Jerusalem, that all the force the Crusaders could bring to bear against them would be ineffectual in establishing a blockade, and the idea of carrying the city by storm was absurd. Moreover, Saladin was on the alert, and with his host of Saracens he could not only keep an immense body within the walls of the city, but send out numerous troops in all directions, who, while the Crusaders should be fully occupied with the exhaustless demands of a siege, would be enabled to fall upon Joppa and the intermediate positions, and cut off the supplies from the sea-board. There was, moreover, the certainty of a want of supply of water from the fact that all the springs in and about Jerusalem had been drawn off, and the army would be deprived of the first essential to its existence, and exposed

to all the horrors of thirst, in the exhausting and parching heat of that arid and hot climate.

Richard now in the presence of all the leaders, the first nobles and knights of Christendom, frankly alluded to the factious conduct of the Duke of Burgundy and his troublesome French. Nor was he less free in his denunciations of the personal envy and ill-will with which they had been influenced in slandering his motives and attempting to thwart all his plans. "They of France," he said, "have heretofore censured me for my headstrong impetuosity, and have had the audacity to declare, that my only motive has been personal aggrandizement, and that the safety of my people was disregarded. I see," continued the chafed king, "the object of such in urging this hopeless attack on Jerusalem; they would have me risk my character in this forlorn hope, that they may have occasion in my defeat, of tarnishing my honor, and gratifying their own spite."

Richard then proposed that the question should be submitted to the Knight Templars and Hospitallers, and the native barons, whose interests were chiefly at stake. This proposition was accepted and the question was submitted to five each of the Templars and Hospitallers, of the Syrian nobles and of the European Crusaders. These twenty were then convoked in solemn assembly, and having sworn to be governed by the good of the cause alone, proceeded to deliberate upon the proper conduct in the emer-

gency. The decision, whatever it might be, was to control without dispute the action of the Crusaders. The conclusion to which this august assembly came, was in accordance with the English king's opinion, that the attack upon Jerusalem should be abandoned. They moreover marked out a new plan for operations, which consisted in a march to Egypt and an attack upon Cairo, from which place Saladin drew his main supplies.

Richard concurred in this new proposition, feeling himself bound by the decision of the chosen council, but the French, although equally compelled by all the laws of honor, to abide by the resolves of a body in the appointment of which they had had a voice, and to whose decision they had solemnly pledged themselves to submit, now murmured and openly resisted the proposition to turn away from the holy city. Ships, provisions, and men, and his own personal aid were offered by Richard to the French, to induce them to give in their adherence to the proposed expedition to Cairo ; but all persuasion was in vain. They were resolved not to concur in a plan which the English king seconded, and whom they were determined to thwart from a base motive of envy. The French were, in fact, the least eager of all the Crusaders for a bold and hazardous policy, but were always ready for the mean and cowardly subterfuge, by which they could safely indulge their hatred of the great Norman hero.

The Duke of Burgundy indulged himself in a satirical effusion on the occasion, and wrote a lampoon in verse, in which the English king was ridiculed for his caprice and change of policy. This the French duke distributed among his soldiers, and strove by his shallow wit to raise the laugh where he had already excited disaffection, against the brave Richard. The English king was as able to cope with him with this new weapon, as he was superior to him in arms, and retorted upon the Frenchman with a satirical poem on the vices and weaknesses of the Duke.

Richard's active spirit had soon occasion for that exercise in which it so much delighted. His spies brought intelligence that a caravan of immense extent, and loaded with the richest goods, was on the road to Jerusalem. The king accordingly determined to possess himself of the treasure. He then selected a troop of his choicest men and set out with the intention of falling upon the caravan near Gaza, which he deemed the most convenient place on the road for the proposed attack. On arriving at this point, to which Richard hurried on learning that they were encamped there for the night, sad was his disappointment in finding nothing but the ashes of the campfires, the grass trodden, as it were, by countless hoofs, and the disgusting evidences of the halt of a multitude sickening the surrounding atmosphere. The Saracens had taken alarm, and broken up their

encampment before the dawn of day. The king now dispatched after them some of his more skillful archers and cross-bow men on horseback, ordering them to follow, at all speed, the track of the caravan, and hang upon its flank, and thus obstruct its progress until the rest of the troops could come up. The caravan was overtaken, the Saracens put to flight, and the booty fell into the hands of Richard, who, with his usual generosity, divided the rich spoil among all his soldiers. The magnitude of the caravan may be estimated, when it is stated, that four thousand seven hundred camels and dromedaries, together with numerous horses, mules, and asses, all laden with the richest goods and products of the East were thus captured in the lucky expedition.

The sad day had arrived. The Crusaders were about to turn their eyes from the holy city to which they had so long looked in hope and prayer. In their religious enthusiasm no sacrifice had been spared to accomplish what they now abandoned in hopeless despair. In the far West they had left their native land, the comforts of home, and the affections of kindred. In the East they sought a strange country to which the armed enemy guarded every approach, and where each step was in blood. They joyfully accepted the change, for above the battle-cry the prayer whispered by the brave hearts of those fighting for the faith, rose on high and was felt to be accepted, and the blood which obscured

the vision of the sun on earth, and the mist of death which gathered on the mortal eye, neither darkened the glory of God nor dimmed the heavenly sight of the Christian believer. Suffering, danger, and death were nothing in this struggle for the Christian faith, for such the Crusaders, in their religious enthusiasm, never doubted it to be.

The king, though superior to his age, and free from the blind fanaticism of many of his followers, was still deeply moved by a spirit of devotional feeling, and his religious sentiment, in common with that of the Crusaders, doubtless suffered poignantly this supposed abandonment of the cause of the cross. As a warrior, as the acknowledged leader of the Christian chivalry of Europe, as the great hope in the warfare of the Crusaders, as the ambitious conqueror, the lion-hearted Richard felt this retreat, in the sight of an enemy, this sacrifice of the last grand triumph, this abandonment of the noblest prize of all, while almost within his grasp, as a blow that nearly crushed his great heart.

Early in the morning, before the Crusaders commenced their march in retreat from Jerusalem, the king rode, full-armed, in company with a brave knight, a bosom friend, to the summit of a neighboring hill from which Jerusalem could be seen in the distance, with the purpose of taking a last view of the holy city. Richard, however, as his companion directed his attention to the turrets of Jerusa-

lem, which now began to rise to the view, as they turned in their path up the mountain, placed his shield before his eyes and said, that he was not worthy to look upon that holy city which he had failed to redeem.

Every soldier felt the sadness of that hour when the Crusaders took up their march from Bethanopolis westward. It was in vain that the bugles and trumpets sounded the most cheering notes; the army wore that air of sorrow and discouragement which betokened that they were no longer in the advancing path of victory and glory, but in the receding steps of retreat and misfortune. The martial airs of the trumpeters were so little in accordance with the depressed heart of the Crusaders that they were soon silenced, and the army marched on with arms reversed and in silence, as if mourning for the death of their cause.

On the arrival of the Crusaders at Joppa, on the sea-coast, the complete demoralization of the troops became apparent. The common cause no longer existed as a common bond of sympathy. National jealousies now began to show themselves, and put an end to all discipline and unity of action. The French, under the Duke of Burgundy, as usual, were the first to break out in factious disorder, and finally refusing to follow the English king any farther, separated from the main army and took up their quarters at Cæsarea. Others of the various nations dispersed

in different directions, some to Acre and some to Tyre. Richard now found that it would be absurd, with an army so reduced by desertion, and discouraged by disappointment, to continue the Crusade, and he accordingly gave up all hope of marching into Egypt, and prepared to embark his troops for England. Before leaving, however, in order to secure a safe retreat for the Crusaders, he proposed terms for a truce with Saladin. This Saracen leader, always vigilant, and as energetic to meet as he was quick to see an emergency, had discovered the plight to which the disorganization of the Christian army had reduced them, and prepared to strike a blow, now that they appeared unable to resist it. Saladin mustered from all quarters the largest body of troops ever arrayed under his standard, and from his position at Jerusalem was prepared to crush the scattered remnant of the Christian forces. He felt, therefore, that he was more entitled to dictate terms than Richard, and accordingly insisted, as a condition of the proposed truce, that the fortifications of Ascalon should be dismantled. The English king peremptorily refused this proposition, and the hopes of a truce were at an end. Hostilities now commenced. Saladin, watching his opportunity, which the departure of Richard from Joppa gave him, prepared to make an assault upon this sea-port town. Richard, on his part, having marched from Joppa, where the sick and wounded had been left, proceeded to Acre

and made ready his vessels that he might be prepared to embark at any moment. The Hospitallers and Templars were sent to strengthen the garrison at Ascalon, they having been directed to level to the ground, on their march, the fortifications of Damascus, as a sufficient force could not be spared to sustain a siege.

Saladin soon reached Joppa, and began to invest that city with great spirit. In five days from the commencement of their assault, the Saracens succeeded in destroying a large portion of the walls; and making their way into the city through the breach, massacred every Christian they met. The citadel, however, held out, and was gallantly defended by a small band of brave soldiers, with the Patriarch of Jerusalem at their head. The rest of the garrison, with the Governor of Joppa, ingloriously took to their heels, and embarking on board the vessels in the harbor, secured their own safety, for which they only cared, by sailing out of the reach of harm. The situation of the remnant of brave men in the citadel was desperate. Saladin concentrated his whole immense force upon this solitary point of resistance. His engines and battering-rams were worked with great vigor, and the walls of the citadel were fast yielding. The Patriarch of Jerusalem, aware of his desperate condition, now threw out a signal of truce, and offered to yield up the fortress on the next day, provided their brethren did not in the mean

time come to the rescue. The Patriarch and several of the knights then offered to give themselves up to the Saracens as hostages for the fulfillment of the terms of the truce. Saladin assented.

The day arrived, and the brave garrison made ready to surrender, when some English vessels were descried making for the port. Richard having heard at Acre, where he had arrived, of the straits to which the garrison at Joppa was reduced, made ready at once to hasten to its relief. He embarked all the forces he could collect at Acre, and setting sail, steered for Joppa. The Count of Champagne, at the head of the Knight Templars and Hospitallers, marched by land. The French refused to coöperate, and no persuasion could induce them to change their purpose. The king's fleet was detained by opposing winds, and did not arrive at Joppa, as we have seen, until the very day when the garrison was to be delivered up to the mercy of the Turk.

Richard, as he neared the harbor, was in a state of anxious uncertainty as to whether he had arrived in time. He was eagerly on the look-out for some signal from the garrison, by which he might learn its fate. As he was sharply scanning every line of the fortress, from base to summit, and every bend in the shore, his quick eye caught at some object in the water, which seemed rapidly to near his vessel. He stood on the bow, gazing intently at it, when he thought he could observe signs of life. As it

approached closer and closer, he could see that it was some stout swimmer who was throwing out his arms with great vigor, and making directly for the ship. A boat was lowered with all dispatch, and with a few strong pulls met the bold swimmer, who proved to be a stout priest, who had thus courageously made off from the land to communicate to Richard the condition of things in the citadel. With breathless haste he stated that there was no time to lose, for the last hour of the garrison was approaching—that ere the sun rose above yonder turrets the fate of the Christians would be sealed, and every man probably put to death. He entreated the king to make all speed and relieve his brethren from their impending misfortune. The brave Richard needed no entreaty. To know that his fellow-Christians were in danger was enough to move the generous impulses of his soul, and cause him to lift that mighty arm, so potent to save a friend or destroy an enemy. The king ordered on the instant all hands to the oars, and urged them by his inspiring words to pull right for the shore. His own vessel led the van of the fleet. In the mean time the Saracens crowded down upon the shore, with their bow-men and slingers, and determined to prevent the landing of Richard and his men at all hazards. As soon as the vessels came within the cast of an arrow, the enemy poured upon them such a volley of missiles of all kinds that the steersmen could hardly see their

course. Richard, however, was prepared for this attack, and protected his approach by his own famous English archers, who, by their superior aim and stouter pull, drove back the Saracen host. The oarsmen pulled with hearty vigor, and drove the galleys right upon the shore. In consequence of the draught of the vessels, there was still a considerable depth of water, although the keels touched bottom. The king, without a moment's hesitation, shouting out, "Cursed be he that followeth me not!" sprung overboard up to his arm-pits, followed by his faithful knights, and then pushed on to the land. Richard dashed ahead, and was soon in the midst of the Saracens, laying about him with his usual ferocious valor, and spreading death and alarm everywhere. The Saracens were soon driven back to the city, where they were met by the garrison issuing out from the citadel, and being thus caught between two opposing forces, suffered terribly, and, dispersed in all directions, fled as they could through the various outlets of the city. Joppa was thus again in the possession of the Crusaders.

Saladin's pride as a soldier was deeply wounded on account of the defeat of his forces by so insignificant an array of the enemy on the score of number, and he determined to wipe away the disgrace. He accordingly resolved to attack the Crusaders at once, before they could be strengthened by the arrival of Henry of Champagne, who, as has been

stated, had set out from Acre, at the head of the Templars and Hospitallers, and was marching by land to the relief of Joppa. This reinforcement fortunately arrived in the night, previous to the day on which Saladin had resolved to make his onset. The Saracens made their preparations with great caution, and intended to take the Christians by surprise. Saladin accordingly drew out his forces before the break of day, and marched with the utmost silence toward the camp of the Crusaders, hoping to come upon them unawares. A part of Saladin's design was to seize Richard in his tent, while asleep. Accordingly a troop of horse, under the command of a discreet and trusty Turk, was detailed for this special purpose; and orders were given that they should cautiously approach the tent of the English king, and having mastered the guards, seize upon Richard, and gallop off with him to the rear of the Turkish army. These orders were strictly obeyed; and the Saracens succeeded in passing the outposts and wending their way between the scattered tents of the Christian encampment, concealed by the obscurity of the early hour and the caution with which they approached. They passed unobserved until within a horse's leap of the tent where the king was asleep, and totally unconscious of his imminent danger. The neighing of one of the horses, at this moment, aroused a Genoese who was near the royal tent, and he shouted out the war-cry and aroused

every Crusader in the camp. There was no time for delay; and the Christians issued from their tents as they were, some of them, only half-armed. The Saracens were all drawn up ready for a charge, and a large troop had already, as we have seen, penetrated within the camp; and had they at once made a vigorous onslaught, while the Crusaders were in a state of confusion, the day would have been fatal to Richard. Saladin, however, finding that his attempt had failed, and that the Christians were aroused, hesitated for a moment, and commanded a halt. This delay gave the king, whose mind was ever fertile in conception and his will quick in execution, time to arrange a plan of defense, which was put in operation on the instant.

The forces of the Crusaders were so few, in comparison with the overwhelming numbers of the Saracens, that he saw his only chance was to act on the defensive until he could tire out the enemy, or so divide up their formidable front into those separate skirmishing parties, with which he knew Saladin, with his usual tactics, would attempt to assail the Crusaders. Richard accordingly formed his force into a solid square, and issued the order that under no circumstances should a soldier break the ranks, attempt a charge, or engage in pursuit. The whole of his infantry, which was composed of spearmen and archers, arrayed two by two, was thus arranged in a solid phalanx. Behind the square, Rich-

ard himself, with a group of ten knights, took up his position. These eleven were the only men mounted in the whole force, to such a destitute condition had the Crusaders been reduced by desertion and misfortune.

The battle began. Saladin charged impetuously with his cavalry upon the solid square, but without making the least impression upon the firm, iron-nerved men. They withstood the shock without a perceptible movement. Again and again, for seven successive times, the Saracens charged, but the Crusaders stood firm. Saladin finding that these onsets were unavailing against the unmoved enemy, and dreadfully destructive to his own cavalry, who impaled themselves at each charge by hundreds upon the pikes of the spearmen, or fell from their saddles in their retreat, pierced by the sure arrows of the English bowmen, determined to change his tactics. The Saracens accordingly drew off at some distance, and distributing themselves in detached parties commenced a discharge of spears and arrows from all sides upon the Crusaders. This was what Richard expected, and now giving the word to his knightly companions, he sallied out and made at once for the enemy. Eleven men against as many thousands, a fearful difference, which seemed to betoken nothing but certain death to the English king and his devoted knights. But, trusting to their personal strength, their marvellous courage, and the

terror of their names, the lion-hearted hero and his brave followers did not hesitate to plunge into the very midst of the enemy. At the first charge Richard and his knights bore down the front ranks and fought their way at once into the thickest, surrounded on all sides by the host of Saracens. The king and his knights were no longer able in the struggle to keep together, and each one had to fight his own battle. The deeds of these men on that day are beyond any thing recorded in history. Each one was contending against hundreds. Aytoun says eleven against seven thousand. All the accounts are such that we would hesitate to believe them were they not as well authenticated as other facts to which we can not refuse credence. What ever mortal man could do or dare was dared and done by Cœur-de-Lion, says the same writer whom we have quoted above, and in whose glowing account of this battle the wonders of the old historians lose nothing of their marvellous character. Each man drew his sword and struck down right and left the thronging Turks who pressed forward certain, with such odds in their favor, of making captive Richard and his ten companions. Clad in steel, these brave warriors shook off the scimitars and spears which rained down upon them, and seemed as invulnerable as Homer's gods. Richard's prowess that day was superhuman, he outdid himself, and his blow was as sure and terrific as that of death in a pestilence. He

repeatedly rescued his brave knights who had been borne down in the struggle by the overpowering numbers of the enemy. The Earl of Leicester, the brave baron, who had stood by Richard throughout the Crusade as his right-hand man through every danger, in the breach or in the battle, performed wonderful deeds of valor, but, his horse having been killed beneath him, he would surely have died on that day a warrior's death, had not Richard fought his way to him and mounted him again upon a charger, from the saddle of which the king dashed off with one blow the Saracen rider.

Saladin himself could not withhold his admiration of the stupendous deeds of valor of the great Richard, and gave proof of it when the struggle was at its height. The Saracen having observed that Richard had been dismounted, and was fighting on foot, sent him a splendid Arabian horse. The king mounted it and dashed into the fight.

Richard finding that a portion of the enemy had taken advantage of the absence of the garrison during the battle and entered the city of Joppa, made his way out of the midst of the struggle, and ordering up a detachment of his archers, led them against the intruders. They were driven out, and Richard returned to the battle-field, where he soon settled the day by the effectual way in which he dealt with an emir who was leading the attack of the Saracens. With one blow the king severed the

Turk's head and right arm. His troops lost courage in consequence of the death of their leader and fled, leaving the Crusaders the conquerors of the day.

In the battle the Christians lost only two men, who were common soldiers, while the Saracens left seven hundred stretched in death upon the field. The forces engaged were only five hundred on the part of the Crusaders, and more than seven thousand on the side of the enemy.

CHAPTER X.

THE wonderful exertions of Richard on the battle-field of Joppa, his anxious solicitude about the safety of his throne in England, and his forced abandonment of the cause so dear to his heart, prostrated the king in body and mind to such a degree, that he became a ready victim to the prevailing disease of the climate. A violent fever laid him prostrate on his bed. The monarch, though suffering in the agonies of disease, and overshadowed, as it were, by the wings of impending death, thought little of his own fate, but calmly busied himself about his followers, who looked to him, even in his prostration, as their only hope and support. The English now only numbered five hundred all told; and the ever-active Saladin was gathering again his hordes to crush the brave remnant of Richard's force. The English king, in spite of his sickness and the mere handful of men left to fight against the thousands of the enemy, was yet bold in heart, and prepared to strike another blow. Henry of Champagne was instructed to negotiate with the French who were at Acre for their assistance. The Duke of Burgundy, their leader, however, having been

attacked by the same disease (from which there was no hope of recovery in his case) as Richard, rendered this negotiation hopeless. This intelligence was brought to the monarch, who, nothing daunted, begged that he himself might be conveyed to Ascalon, where, as long as breath remained in his weakened body, he would resist the infidel; and he declared that the last agony of death should be a struggle for the cause of the cross. His friends, however, who knew that the king was their only hope, and saw in his illness and probable death the certain defeat of the Crusaders, remonstrated with the spirited Richard. They told him that his followers were now so reduced in numbers, and so dispirited by the sickness of their leader, that they could never resist the Saracen, and total ruin would be the result of further hostilities. They urged him, therefore, now that the glorious victory at Joppa had struck a wholesome terror into the ranks of the enemy, to establish a truce with Saladin. They might thus secure a safe departure for the Crusaders, and the possession to Christendom of some of its hard-won conquests. The king yielded to these entreaties, and proposed terms to the Saracens. A truce was established for three years, three months, three weeks, and three days—a magic number, says Hume, which had been probably devised by the Europeans, and which was suggested by a superstition well suited to the object of the war. According to the terms of this truce, all the

fortresses in the possession of the Crusaders, taken since the conquest of Acre, were to be demolished. All the country on the sea-board west of the mountains which extend their chain north and south through the centre of Palestine, was to remain to the Christians, and the rest, with the exception of Ascalon, was to be given up to Saladin. In regard to this place, it was agreed that it should belong to neither party until the expiration of the truce, when it should be ceded to the stronger. The Christians, moreover, were to be permitted to worship at the Holy Sepulchre without hindrance of tax, insult, or persecution.

This privilege of entering Jerusalem as pilgrims, was joyfully accepted by the Crusaders, and they eagerly availed themselves of it. Richard himself did not go to Jerusalem. His proud heart would not accept as a favor what fate had refused to him as the right of a conqueror. His devotional feeling was always in subjection to his warrior spirit; and to fight for the conquest of the Holy City, was more in conformity with his character, than to fall down in worship as a devotee at the tomb of our Saviour, while he bent his body in supplication to an earthly potentate.

The king was carried to Caiaphas, where it was hoped his health might benefit by the change. Previous to his departure, the most frequent interchange of courtesies took place between Richard and

Saladin, who, although they never met in person, held each other in great honor for their mutual chivalry. Saphadin, however, the brother of the Saracen monarch, accompanied by many of the most distinguished of the Turkish officers, frequently repaired to the English camp, and were received with every courtesy and mark of distinction.

While Richard was at Caiaphas, where he rapidly gained in health and strength, his army visited, in accordance with the truce with Saladin, the Holy City. While the Christian soldiers were thus gathered in worship at the sepulchre, the fierce Saracens would have fallen upon them; but Saladin protected the Crusaders from the vengeance and the malignant hatred of his bigoted subjects. The Bishop of Salisbury, whose hand was more used to the sword than the crozier, was among the pious visitors to Jerusalem, and was received with especial favor by the Sultan. Saladin admitted the bishop to a private interview, in the course of which all ceremony was laid aside, and the two indulged in the most intimate and familiar talk. The Sultan expressed his high admiration of King Richard and his brave followers, and was anxious to hear in what estimation he himself was held by those he so greatly honored for their valor. "What say your men of your king and of me?" inquired Saladin. "My king," replied the Bishop of Salisbury, "is acknowledged as one surpassing all other men in deeds of

valor and generosity. But," added the bishop in his sacred character, "your fame also stands high; and were you but converted from your unbelief, there would not be in the world two such princes as you and Richard." The Sultan acknowledged the mighty courage and generous soul of the English monarch, but justly censured his headstrong impetuosity and reckless courage. "I would rather," remarked Saladin, "be renowned for prudence than for audacity." The bishop was then asked if there was any favor the Sultan could grant him, to which he replied that there was one which might be of inestimable benefit to the Christian Church, of which he was an unworthy servant. The liberal-minded Turk then granted, in accordance with the Christian bishop's request, permission for the establishment of two priests and deacons at Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem, that they might be ready to aid the pilgrims from the West in their worship at these holy places. There is a spirit of heavenly charity in these noble courtesies of the great Saladin, which emanated from a spark of divine love, though enkindled in a heathen heart, from which the cold-hearted professor of Christianity might derive, in contemplation, the glow of spiritual warmth he so much needs. Much less of the polemics of theology, and a little more of the Gospel of peace, would have done for the cause of the cross what the Crusaders failed to do. The gentle word of hope, and the kind

act of mercy, would have been more effectual than the cry of battle and the deed of blood.

Richard, who had recovered, and had done his best for the cause in which he was so deeply interested, was now prepared to depart. The terms of his truce with Saladin were more favorable than he had any reason to expect. It was not so much the power which he wielded as the name he bore, to which he was indebted for his success. The English king by his valor and his almost marvellous prowess had gained for him a fame that it is difficult to estimate at this day, when individual character is so lost in the general progress. In the wars of the olden time every thing depended upon personal courage and physical strength. The spirit to dare, the will to command, and the strong muscle to obey, were the great requisites for success, and he who could bring them to his service was sure to prove his mastery. Richard had all these beyond any man of his age. His heart was the boldest; his frame, which was gigantic, the most muscular, and his energy the most active of any warrior of his times. With a fair occasion for the exercise of his transcendent powers, as the king of a warlike people, in a warlike age, he had but to show himself in the eye of the world, to be recognized at once as its master. Mankind might as well have disputed the firmness of the rock, the towering height of the mountain, the power of the storm, the unfathomable capacity of the sea, or any

other of the facts of nature, as question the superiority of the mighty king. Friend and foe alike beheld, wondered, and believed.

In Palestine, which was the scene of Richard's greatest deeds, his name became a terror to all for ages. The Saracen mothers would hush their children into silence by raising the threatening finger and whispering, "Be still, King Richard will come." The Saracen horseman, too, if his horse plunged or startled, would, as he spurred him on, exclaim, "What's the matter? Do you think King Richard is in the bush?" Nor can we have any stronger illustration of the dread of his great name than the favorable truce Saladin, one of the ablest warriors of the day, so willingly conceded to the English king. Richard from a bed of sickness, with his force reduced to a miserable remnant of scarce five hundred, conscious of their danger, and anxious for safety, dictated terms to the able and powerful Saladin at the head of thousands. Such was the *prestige* of the English king's dread name.

Richard was now ready to leave for England. He first dispatched his fleet from Acre, retaining a single vessel for himself. He made every arrangement for the security and comfort of his remnant of brave followers, and for his queen Berengaria, his sister Joan, and the Cypriot princess, who now sailed with the fleet. He was aware of the King of France's designs and his brother John's treachery,

and therefore determined to travel homeward secretly, that they might be unable to make preparations to oppose his landing. By his sudden appearance among his subjects, he believed that he would be received by them, when once in their midst, with acclamation, and the artful plans of Philip and the usurpation of his brother be neutralized. He kept his own counsel so closely that those knights even who sailed for England were not aware of his plans. He bid them farewell with an injunction, if they should find him in his kingdom, to rally at once to his standard, or if not, to await his coming, prepared for the event. To the Grand-Master of the Templars he was more communicative. To him he explained his intention and his motives; there are many, the king said, who bore him no love, and would be happy if they could seize him, and would certainly slay him if he fell in their power. He had, therefore, resolved to travel in disguise, and asked for an escort of Templars to accompany him, that he might appear in Europe as one of that order. A few of the trustiest of them were therefore placed at his disposal, and in addition, his own adherents, Baldewin de Bethune, William de L'Estang, Philip the secretary, and Anselm the chaplain, joined the party.

Richard finally embarked, in the month of October, in the year 1192, on board of a galley and set sail from the Holy Land. The next morning, as the

vessel was leaving the shores of Palestine, the hills of Lebanon and the other mountains of Syria being still in view, the king stretched out his arms toward the land and exclaimed, as he took his last look, "Most holy land, I commend thee to God's keeping. May he give me life and health to return and rescue thee from the infidel!"

The fleet had sailed several days before Richard's vessel, but they were all exposed to the same storm which arose. It was the season of tempests in the Mediterranean and they were caught by one of unusual severity. The fleet was scattered by the wind, and some of the ships driven upon the inhospitable shores of Africa, where the crew and soldiers were sold into slavery, and otherwise barbarously treated. The ship which bore the queen, her husband's sister, and the princess of Cyprus put into a harbor in the island of Sicily with trifling damage. Richard's vessel, which had taken a course farther north, was driven, by stress of weather, to take refuge at the island of Corfu, at the mouth of the Gulf of Venice, where he arrived in the month of November. Abandoning his damaged vessel, he hired three small galleys, and embarking again sailed northward up the gulf. In the course of his voyage he was in considerable danger from the Greek pirates, who swarmed in those seas, but he succeeded, by the good sailing qualities of his vessels, in escaping these ruthless corsairs, and came to anchor in safety at Zara, on the coast of

Dalmatia. Richard had assumed the disguise of a humble pilgrim, and as his hair and beard had grown long and his former rotundity of person had, through sickness and anxiety, grown thin, while his usual hearty look had assumed somewhat of a care-worn expression, he made a very passable palmer in appearance. On landing, however, he forgot his new character, since the cowl don't make the monk, and was so profusely generous with his gold, and so debonair withal, that his royalty was surmised at once.

Trieste was the point to which Richard now directed his course, but a storm drove him ashore on the coast of Istria, at some distance from this Austrian port. From thence he determined to proceed by land, and disguising himself as a merchant, travelled on to Goritz, a town north of the city of Trieste, situated in the province of that name. Richard sent a messenger to the governor of the place for passports for Sir Baldwin de Bethune and suite, and a merchant of Damascus of the name of Hugh, which was the modest appellation assumed by the king. To make favor with the governor and secure what he wanted, Richard very imprudently sent a valuable ruby ring as a present to him. The governor taking it and at once remarking its beauty and worth, observed to the messenger who bore it, "This is the gift of a prince, and not of a merchant; your master's name is not Hugh, but Richard, King of Eng-

and; tell him he may come and go in peace, and that although I am ordered to stop all pilgrims from the Holy Land passing through my territory, I will make him an exception, so generous and noble has he proved himself by his princely offering." Richard finding that he was discovered, and knowing that the governor was Maynard, who probably bore him no good, since he was a relative of the dead Conrad and of the Emperor of Germany, became anxious about his safety, and without more ado, purchased horses for himself and some of his companions, and rode away at a quick pace. Baldwin de Bethune and others who remained behind were arrested by the order of the governor, and word dispatched to Maynard's brother, Frederick of Bretisan, of the arrival and flight of Richard, and his probable passage through his territory, now known as Saltzburg. The governor's brother was accordingly on the watch, and sure enough a party which corresponded with the description sent of Richard and his companions, arrived at the hostel at Freisach. Frederick had a retainer in his service, a Norman by birth, who was sent at once by him to make out, if possible, whether Richard was, as suspected, among the strangers. The Norman was to ingratiate himself with the party at the inn, and by the opportunity he would thus have of sharing in their conversation, be enabled to learn who and what they were. He was offered a large reward if he thus succeeded in

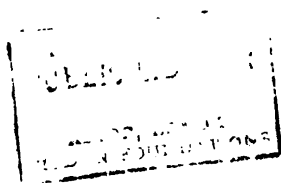
the discovery of the king. The Norman appeared to obey willingly his master's orders, and made his way to the hostel, where he soon succeeded in making himself at home with the new-comers. The Norman was not long in discovering with whom he had to deal, and was so overcome at the sight of the king of his native land, that he fell at his feet, and telling him with what design his master had sent him, entreated Richard to fly on the instant. He moreover effectually aided him to escape by supplying him with a fresh and fast horse. The Norman then returned to Frederick and told him that there was no ground for his suspicions whatsoever; that the strangers were just what they gave themselves out to be, and no others, a merchant and some fellow-travellers.

Richard set out at once, taking with him a single knight and a boy who understood German. The rest of his companions were away, loitering about the town, and there was too much occasion for dispatch to await their return. He knew that he was the person sought, and believed there could be no danger to those whom he left behind, so he sped on his way. Richard, the knight, and the boy, proceeded on their journey with great caution, for they were aware the whole country was now alive with the intelligence that they were about, and every man would be on the watch to lay their hands on them. For three days and as many nights, Richard travelled on without tarrying, and scarcely eating any food.

At last, worn out with fatigue, and overcome with hunger, he was obliged to come to a rest at Esperg, a small village in the neighborhood of Vienna. Here Richard and his knightly companion took up their quarters in a mean hovel, in the most obscure part of the village, where they hoped to remain unnoticed and without interference. The German boy was dispatched to the market-place in Vienna, which was not far off, to obtain a supply of food and other necessities, of which they were much in need. Caution was enjoined upon the lad; he was strictly to keep his tongue in regard to the quality of his masters and of their whereabouts. The youth passed to and fro between the village and Vienna, without exciting suspicion, several days, and the king began to hope that the danger was passing, and that he might soon continue his journey without fear of interruption. One day, however, the messenger was supplied with some coin that Richard had brought from Palestine, which bore the Syrian impress. When the youth offered this in exchange for some commodity, the chapman with whom he dealt began to suspect that all was not right, and detaining the lad, gave information to one of the magistrates of the city. He was immediately brought before this dignitary and closely questioned. The youth, true to his duty, refused to answer all questions about the quality of his masters and their abode. They were about releasing him when they discovered in his girdle, a

pair of gloves, such as were worn only by royal persons or princes. This renewed their suspicions, and as they could not draw any information from the lad by fair means, they resorted to foul, and submitted the poor youth to the torture. His courage was proof to the wringings of the thumb screw and the agonies of the rack, but when the monsters talked of wrenching out his tongue, the lad's fortitude could no further go, and he told all he knew. A troop of soldiers was immediately ordered to accompany the boy to his masters' hiding-place and arrest the king and his companion in the name of Leopold, Duke of Austria.

Richard was asleep when the soldiers arrived, but aroused by their tramp, he started up and drawing his sword dared them to their worst. Finding, however, that resistance would be in vain, he declared he was ready to give himself up, but only to the Duke in person. Leopold Duke of Austria was at that time in Vienna, and soon presented himself. This was the prince that King Richard had contemptuously kicked and turned out of Acre, when he refused to do his share of the work at the fortifications. Of course the king was now at the mercy of his deadliest enemy. When Richard surrendered his sword into the hands of the duke, Leopold showing very clearly by his manner how delighted he was to have his arch-enemy in his power, addressed him thus: "You are fortunate, and you should con-





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sider us rather as your deliverers than as your enemies, for if you had fallen into the hands of any of the friends of Conrad, who have been beating the country around for you, you would have surely been slain had you a hundred lives." King Richard was then transferred to prison, but was treated with some show of consideration on account of his royal character.

The Emperor of Germany, however, as soon as he learned of the great prize that had fallen into the hands of the Duke of Austria exclaimed, "A duke must not presume to imprison a king—that belongs to an emperor." The Emperor Henry had, as well as the Duke of Austria, his reasons for hating Richard, and was glad at all hazards, to get him into his power. It will be recollected that the English king, after his struggle with Tancred of Sicily, became his sworn friend, and took him under his especial protection. Now, the emperor had married Constance, who claimed the throne of Sicily against Tancred, who was denounced by her as an usurper of her rights. Since Richard's departure from Messina, the emperor, in behalf of his wife, had made an unsuccessful attempt upon Sicily, and having been ingloriously defeated was preparing, at the moment of Richard's capture, to revenge himself upon Tancred. He was, of course, rejoiced to have in his grasp the king of Sicily's most potent ally. The emperor moreover was a fast friend of the King

of France, and was, no doubt, instigated directly by Philip to seize and make sure of the English king. Richard was now in the midst and at the mercy of his most implacable enemies.

So eager was the emperor to have the English king in his power, that not content with summoning the Duke of Austria, who was his vassal, to yield up his royal prisoner, he paid over to him, to hasten his compliance, the immense sum of sixty thousand pounds. The king, having been duly delivered and paid for, was immured in the strong castle of Durenstein on the Danube. This was an impregnable fortress, and was full manned with a great array of soldiers, and the king so secretly and closely guarded that he could have no communication whatsoever with the world without, and the very place of his confinement was a profound secret known only to his bitterest enemies. A romantic story is current of the means by which, at last, the concealed imprisonment of Richard was discovered. He was passionately fond of poetry and music, and as he was no contemptible wooer of the muses himself, he delighted in the society of poets, the gay troubadours of the day. Blondel de Nesle was one of the most famous of these, and a chosen friend of the king, in his moments of leisure, when he reposed himself from the fatigues of warfare, and attuned his soul, seeking repose from the rude discord of the battle-cry, to the calm, sweet tones of poetry and music. The story runs, that

this Blondel de Nesle was wandering by chance along the roadsides of Austria, cheering his way with song, now wafting his messages of love to the embowered lattice of some forlorn, love-sick maiden, and again raising a cheering song of hope to the iron-barred window of the captive, when he arrived beneath the frowning battlements of the castle of Durenstein. He here sent up a message of mercy, borne upon the wings of poetry, which fluttered by the ear and nestled in the heart of the captive monarch, who recognized in the minstrel's song the familiar words of his happy days, and the well-known voice of his old companion. The king reëchoed the tones, and sent back, in sympathetic harmony, strains which Blondel caught at once as those of his beloved king. The minstrel now hurried to England and made known his discovery. A less romantic and probably more true account of the discovery of King Richard's imprisonment is given by the historians, whose matter-of-fact record we are bound, in spite of the charms of romance and poetry, to accept, however unwillingly. These uninteresting truth-tellers relate, that a letter written by the Emperor to Philip of France, with whom he was in constant correspondence, about Richard, fell into the hands of Longchamp, the friend of the king, who had been appointed by him Chancellor of England, and that thus his place of imprisonment became known.

The feeling of all Christendom was outraged when

this nefarious conduct of the Austrian princes was disclosed. Thus to profane the sacred rights of hospitality by seizing a royal brother who was peacefully travelling through a country with which he was at peace, and that brother the mightiest champion of the great cause of the cross, which every Christian prince was bound to uphold, was not only an outrage upon the common courtesies of life, but upon the sacredness of religion. The King's faithful friends and loyal subjects were excited to a pitch of indignation, almost beyond control, and would have marched to the rescue of the great Richard had not John, who now controlled the power of England, prevented. The King's mother, Eleanor, was almost distracted by the sad news, and unable to warm in the wicked heart of her son John the least spark of feeling for his wronged brother, wrote to the Pope Celestine, urging him to thunder out against the wicked doers who held her son in their grasp, and were assuredly plotting his death, the anathemas of the Church. Celestine accordingly anathematized the princes who were concerned in this foul conspiracy against Richard, who had proved so worthy a son of Mother Church, and so great a champion of her holy cause.

The Prince John pretended not to believe the report of Richard's imprisonment, although he was undoubtedly in the secret of the whole transaction, and connived at the ruin of his brother. He gave

out publicly that the king was dead, and prepared to establish himself upon the throne. The friends of Richard immediately sent two English abbots to try and see him in his prison.

CHAPTER XI.

THE stout heart of Richard never pined, though inclosed within bars of iron in the impregnable fortress of Durenstein. The stone did not weigh down his spirits, nor the iron enter his soul, but the merrie monarch bore his adverse fortune with more than fortitude; he gayly turned it to enjoyment. His love of music and poetry served him now a good turn, and he cheered many a solitary hour with verse-making, and singing his own songs to the accompaniment of the lute. The king was no mean Troubadour, and his compositions bear a favorable comparison with those of the most expert of his day in the "gaye science." A poem of his, written while in prison, is still extant, which our readers will not read, we are sure, without some emotion, in sympathy with its pathetic strain.

RICHARD'S LAMENT.

If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain,
His voice belike full dolefully will sound,
Yet to the sad, 'tis comfort to complain.
Friends have I store: and promises abound:
Shame on the niggards! since these winters twain,
Unransomed still, I bear a tyrant's chain.

Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all whom wealth could buy from chains, withdrew.
Not in reproach I speak, or idly vain,
But I alone unpitied bear the chain.

My fate will show, "the dungeon and the grave,
Alike repel our kindred and our friends."
Here am I left their paltry gold to save!
Sad fate is mine; but worse their crime attends.
Their lord will die; their conscience shall remain,
And tell them how long I wore this galling chain.

It will be confessed that this is pretty fair for a monarch, somewhat improved, no doubt, by this version of Mr. Ellis, the famous collector of the "Specimens." If Richard is not allowed the title of a king among poets, no one will dispute his claims to being a poet among kings. He did not always poetically grieve in the sad strain of these verses, but often indulged in the composition of love ditties and more inspiring effusions.

Nor are these verses to be taken as an indication of the usual tone of Richard's spirits while in prison. This lament was more poetical than real, and from all accounts his animal spirits never failed him. When his voice was not attuned to song, or when his eye was not in a "fine frenzy rolling," he was at no loss to pass his time pleasantly enough. There was the companionship of the rude Austrian soldiers of

his guard, with whom he often tested his skill in feats of strength, and not seldom in bouts with the flagon or goblet, in which the jovial monarch never failed to come off victor. He was fond, too, of relating his adventures in the Holy Land, to which all soldiers in those days were ready listeners, and would fight over his battles with the Turks, and dwell upon skirmish and counter-skirmish, storm and siege, or, at times, warming with his subject, would speak of the glories of that sacred soil and of that hallowed city which were yet unredeemed, and solemnly call all Christendom to account for not rescuing them from the profanation of the infidel. He would then vow, with his uplifted hands, and eyes raised to heaven, to devote himself in the future to the great cause, and pledge his life, if it were spared, or again at liberty, to its triumph.

The imperial jailer, Henry of Germany, began to be ashamed of his vocation, so great was the indignation expressed throughout Christendom of his outrage upon the rights of hospitality and his contempt of all law. He now, to justify himself in the eyes of the world, made a show of that justice which his conduct toward Richard clearly proved he did not reverence. He cited the English king before the diet at Hagenau, and Richard was accordingly conveyed to that place under a strong escort of soldiers. On his route, not far from the boundaries of Bavaria, he met the two English abbots who had been dis-

patched by his friends in England. The king was overjoyed at the meeting, and he discoursed with them a long time, during which the subject uppermost in his mind, the state of his kingdom, was the chief topic. The abbôts gave him full particulars of the invasion of his Norman provinces by the king of France, and of the noble resistance of his faithful subjects, headed by his brave baron and fellow-crusader, the Earl of Leicester, who sallied out from Rouen, and defeating Philip, had forced him to retire within his own territory. They told him how John had been constantly plotting against his brother's rights, how he had taken the castles of Windsor and Wallingford, and having marched upon London, demanded the crown, persisting in the statement that Richard was dead and that he himself was now the lawful heir. And again how the faithful barons and loyal subjects of the Crown had resisted this usurpation and forced John to retreat. For a moment Richard pondered in silence over this intelligence, but instantly shaking off the sorrow with which a brother's treason weighed down a brother's heart, he gaily said, "John will never win a crown by his courage."

The king was now in the presence of the assembly convoked at Hagenau to try him. The charges uttered against him were, his alliance with Tancred, the usurper of Sicily; his conduct toward Isaac of Cyprus, and the detention of his daughter, who was niece of the Duchess of Austria; his having plucked

down the standard of Austria from the turrets of Acre, and his degrading treatment of the duke; his disobedience to his liege, Lord Philip of France; his connivance at the murder of Conrad; and, lastly, his truce with Saladin, by which he had left the holy city to his mercy. Richard boldly confronted his accusers, and began by telling them, that if he merely consulted his pride and his rights as an independent sovereign, he would treat their charges with the contemptuous silence they merited. He, however, as a Christian prince, as one whose life was pledged to the holy cause of the Cross, and with which his conduct now arraigned was so closely interwoven, would waive his rights as a sovereign and humble his pride as king and refute every charge, that Christianity might not suffer in his person. Richard then vindicated himself, and presented his statements with so much clearness, justified his conduct by arguments so forcible, and spoke with such an expression of truth and eloquence, that every man in the assembly was convinced of his innocence, and struck with admiration for the nobleness of his defence. The Emperor Henry was completely overcome, and, rising from his throne, threw himself into the arms of the king and acknowledged his triumph.

The German emperor, however, instead of releasing Richard, whom in the first place he had no legal right to imprison or to try, and now that he had acknowledged his innocence, no show of reason for detaining,

still kept him imprisoned. This emperor was an avaricious prince, and knowing the value of his captive, was determined to improve the occasion for adding to his treasury. The miserable, trafficking spirit of this imperial jobber would have been a disgrace to the meanest chapman in his kingdom. This mean emperor had no right to the person of Richard, he acknowledged that he had none, and yet persevered in the wrong, that he might turn it into money. The mean, dirty, peddling, dishonest prince began to haggle for a price at once, and as all the advantage was on his side by accident, he took care to secure it, and made terms which were as dishonorable as they were profitable to himself. He made Richard resign his kingdom into his hands as sovereign lord, then restored it to him as vassal under the condition of a payment of five thousand pounds a year. The greedy, griping monarch was not even now contented, but demanded one hundred and fifty thousand marks, about a million and a half of our money, into the bargain, an enormous sum of money in those days. The king himself was not prepared to assent to these terms, but promised to consult his friends in England as to the possibility of raising such a sum. In the meantime the emperor kept his gripe upon the royal captive.

Longchamp, the old chancellor and devoted friend of Richard, now arrived, and was received by the king with great warmth of affection. At the same time

Hubert, bishop of Salisbury, who had been Richard's companion at arms in the campaign in the Holy Land, arrived from Sicily, where he had heard, on his way to England, of his royal master's imprisonment. The latter was now dispatched at once to arrange for the payment of the proposed ransom. Longchamp remained to cheer the king with his society.

In the meantime Philip of France and Prince John hearing of the prospect of Richard's liberation, conspired together to prevent an event which would prove so fatal to their own evil designs. They rightly deemed that the most persuasive appeal to be addressed to the avaricious emperor was through his purse, where his heart was to be found. They accordingly promised to pay Henry a larger sum than the whole amount of the ransom, provided he would keep the king in his clutches. This awakened the greedy appetite of the royal huckster, and he was about to strike what seemed to his mean soul the better bargain, when the other German princes, hearing of this dishonorable transaction, vehemently protested against it, and forced the emperor to keep to the promise he had so solemnly made to Richard.

The bishop of Salisbury, who had now arrived in England, succeeded, in spite of every obstruction raised by the king of France and Prince John, in obtaining by a tax the stipulated sum for the ransom. England contributed the principal portion of the

required amount. The rich plate of the churches and monasteries was sold, the Cistercian monks gave the proceeds of a whole year's produce of wool, of which they were the chief cultivators, and the knights, parochial clergy, and the towns, were taxed largely to make up the sum required. This amounted to only two-thirds of the whole ransom, which was all that was to be paid down, it having been agreed to pay the remainder at some future time. The king's mother, Eleanor, and the archbishop of Rouen, now proceeded to Mentz, where the ransom was paid, and Richard, in accordance with the agreement, set free after an imprisonment, of fourteen months. At the moment of his liberation, the emperor showed the king letters from his brother John and Philip of France, in which these base princes proposed that Richard should be kept in captivity, for a consideration larger than the ransom, and which the avaricious Henry was only prevented, as we have seen, from accepting, by the interposition of the other German princes.

Richard now took his departure for England, nor did he feel himself secure as long as he was in the land of his former captivity. It is recorded that the emperor, after the departure of his prisoner, regretted his release, and, eager to secure the friendship of Philip and John, and their money, sent messengers after him to endeavor to rearrest him. Richard, however, was too rapid in his movements, and hav-

ing set out from Mentz and hurried through Cologne, finally set sail from Antwerp, and arrived in safety at Sandwich, in England, on the 20th of March, in the year 1194. He had been absent from his kingdom four years.

“*Take care of yourself, the devil has broken loose,*” were the words written to John by Philip of France when he heard of the king’s liberation. His enemies had reason to be alarmed. Their fright was only equalled by the joy of his faithful barons and loyal subjects. The English people received their king with great enthusiasm, and his progress to London was a continued scene of festivity, cheered with loud acclamations of delight and loyalty. On arriving in the capital, the citizens of London welcomed him with a magnificent banquet. A German baron who was present on the occasion was so much struck with the magnificence of the entertainment and the evidence of wealth, that he remarked to Richard, “Oh king! if our emperor had suspected this, you would not have been let off so easily.”

The lion-hearted king, however, did not waste his time in junkettings and merry-makings, but busied himself at once about setting his kingdom in order. He commenced with redressing his wrongs and punishing his enemies. It was clear from undoubted evidence that Prince John was engaged in an extensive conspiracy, which had no less an object than dispossessing his brother of his throne and all his

dominions. By the help of Philip of France the traitor brother was already in possession of some of the strongest fortresses in Normandy, and his agents were busy in England plotting their schemes and striving to corrupt the loyalty of the realm.

The king of England convoked a council, before which the evidences of Prince John's guilt were laid, and which were so clear, that it was determined to punish him at once by depriving him of his possessions. Richard accordingly mustered a force and hastened to put into execution the decree of the council. At his first approach most of the castles and fortresses yielded without a blow. The garrison of Nottingham, however, proved more obstinate, but a vigorous assault, led on by the king himself, soon brought them to terms, and fealty to Richard was no longer disputed. Several ecclesiastics and barons high in authority, who had been implicated in the conspiracy, were deprived of their sees and offices, and John was declared, in consequence of his manifold treasons, to have forfeited his right to the succession, which was voided in favor of young Arthur, the prince of Bretagne, nephew of the king.

A recoronation of Richard was proposed by the Great Council of the kingdom, to which the king yielded, though he contended against the necessity. He was then crowned again with great pomp and ceremony, at Winchester, on Easter day. Having settled every thing on a secure basis in England, he

now turned his attention to Normandy. Previous to setting out, however, he was obliged to have recourse to the usual expedient of monarchs when their treasuries are low—a general taxation of his subjects. To the sums raised in this way he added something more by the putting up to public sale various offices in the government, to which there were always to be found ready bidders, whose weakness and vanity made them desire to possess what those qualities unfitted them to fill.

The English army were in camp at Portsmouth, awaiting the king to lead them over to Normandy, where they burned to avenge him upon Philip of France. Richard now arrived and embarked with his troops, but was forced to put back in consequence of a severe storm in the English Channel. He finally reached Harfleur after a detention of some two weeks. His brother John hastened to meet him, together with their mother, Eleanor. The former threw himself at the feet of Richard and craved his pardon, which the queen entreated with all the earnest affection of a mother's heart. Richard magnanimously forgave the unnatural brother and black-hearted traitor, but he could not resist indulging in a sarcasm which showed how shrewdly his sagacity judged the character of the traitor while his heart forgave the brother. "I forgive him," said Richard, "and hope I shall as easily forget his injuries as he will forget my pardon."

John signalized his treason to his ally, Philip of France, and his reconciliation with his brother, by an act of barbarous cruelty, which proved him as malignant as he was deceitful. Before quitting the French, to whose alliance he had solemnly pledged his faith, and bound himself to accept of no terms with the English without the concurrence of France, he invited to a banquet all the officers of the French garrison which had been placed at his disposal for the defence of Evreux. In full confidence, the guests assembled, and secure in the faith of hospitality, the sacred rights of friendship, and the solemn obligations of treaties, gaily yielded to the social enjoyments of the hour. The prince, whose skill in deceit was equal to the malevolent wickedness of his heart, received his visitors with a mask of courteous kindness, which covered a welcome, the nature of which they never suspected. The French officers were then in the unguarded hour of convivial enjoyment, mercilessly massacred by the prince, and their blood mingled profusely with the wine they had poured out in honor of their host. The blood-stained monster then hurried to his brother, at whose feet we have seen him prostrate, suing for that mercy which his cruel and selfish heart knew only as a refuge for his own craven spirit.

John was forgiven by Richard as a brother, but his ill deeds were never forgotten by him as a king. He took care that the scheming traitor should be balked

for the future in his designs, and accordingly the prince's dark wings of evil were effectually clipped. John was deprived of all his possessions, and as he was without capacity, there was no danger from his head while his hands were fettered.

King Richard's appearance in Normandy took Philip of France by surprise like an unexpected apparition. The French king thinking that the disorders of England were sufficient to engage all the attention and absorb all the energies of Richard, thought that he might with safety carry out his designs upon Normandy. Philip accordingly had begun his campaign and was deliberately laying siege to Verneuil, when he was surprised by the intelligence of the arrival of the king of England. This was a complication of affairs that Philip had not calculated upon, and not caring to measure swords with so formidable a champion, he fled from before the walls of Verneuil like the mist before the coming sun. Richard entered the town without striking a blow, and after repairing the walls which had been battered by the French, continued in pursuit of the enemy. The fortress of Loches, in Touraine, was in the possession of Philip, and had been attacked without success by the forces of Navarre, under the command of a brother of the English queen, Berengaria. Richard now marched to the relief of his allies, and by a rapid assault won back his fortress. Philip did as much mischief as he could as he fled before

the approach of Richard. He took a small castle in the neighborhood of Rouen, and while there made a conquest, for which he had to thank his good luck and the recklessness of his enemy. The Earl of Leicester, the worthy associate of Richard in the crusades, was in command at that time of Rouen, and, with his usual disregard of danger, was riding out unattended in the neighborhood of the French camp, when he was set upon by a troop of horse, who succeeded in capturing him, although he struggled bravely for his liberty. The French king rejoiced at the capture, and fastly bound him in prison, where he suffered until his redemption long after by an immense ransom.

As Richard came up, the French retreated, and drew back as far as Evreux, which fortress they stormed, and after plundering, burned the town. The king of England at last, by forced marches, came up with the enemy near Fretoval, and attacked them with such spirit, that they were forced to a precipitate flight, leaving behind them their baggage and a large number of dead. Among other things a military chest fell into the hands of Richard, which is said to have contained a collection of important documents, for the loss of which the French historians grieve to this day. The fugitives were eagerly pursued, and Richard was the foremost in the pursuit. He pushed on for a royal prize; he was determined to take Philip himself captive, and the

French king would have surely fallen into his hands, had he not separated from his army and hid himself in a neighboring church. The English king, followed by his cavalry, pushed on with unabated vigor until he had driven every Frenchman across the borders of Normandy into his own territory.. A truce for a year was now concluded, and Richard returned to England.

On his arrival in his English dominions, the king was met by Baldwin de Bethune, the old companion of his captivity in Germany, who had been left with Leopold of Austria as one of the hostages for the payment of that part of Richard's ransom which was to accrue to him. The duke had become impatient for the settlement of the debt, and accordingly dispatched Baldwin to the English king with a message, to the effect that if the money was not immediately forthcoming, the heads of all the English hostages should fall by the axe. Richard, much against his will, for his subjects could illy bear the necessary tax, and he was irritated by the audacity of the duke's threat, paid the sum, and sent, moreover, according to his agreement, the Cyprian princess and his niece, the "maid of Brittany," sister of Prince Authur, who had been promised in marriage to the son of the Duke of Austria.

Before Baldwin de Bethune had arrived with the money and his charge, the duke of Austria was no more. While Leopold was riding in the

tournament his horse fell, crushing his ankle, fracturing the bones of his leg, and wounding the flesh so severely that there was no hope but in amputating the limb. No surgeon could be found sufficiently confident in his skill to perform the operation, although the necessity of it was so evident as to be acknowledged by all. The leg now began to mortify, and the king, losing all patience, and aware of the consequences of delay, courageously determined to rid himself of it. He accordingly called for a battle-axe and a mallet, and placing the sharp edge of the former just above the dark line which marked the boundaries between the dead and living part, and having given the mallet to his chamberlain, ordered him to strike upon the head of the axe, and with one blow the foot and ankle were severed from the limb. It was, however, too late, and the operation too rudely performed, to be of any avail, and the end of the duke was evidently fast approaching. Losing all hope, he called for his confessor and asked for absolution. The priest insisted, as a condition, that the duke should make reparation to the utmost of his power for his cruel treatment of the great champion of the Cross, Richard of England. Leopold then, having ordered the ransom to be remitted and the hostages to be delivered up, was absolved of all his sins and yielded up the ghost. His son, however, as soon as his father was entombed, was disposed to disobey the orders that had been issued, but his

clergy so strenuously insisted upon the fulfillment of the late duke's dying commands, that he yielded. The ransom was accordingly remitted and the hostages liberated. Baldwin de Bethune heard the intelligence on his route before he had reached Austria, and immediately retraced his steps with the money in his keeping and the princesses under his charge.

During the short enjoyment of peace, Richard, whose pleasures, like his occupations, partook of a martial character, established throughout England tournaments, at which his nobles might invigorate their powers and exercise their skill, and archery meetings, where his English yeomen could, by practice with the bow, strengthen their hand and give certainty to their aim. The king always shared in these manly sports, and was as often a competitor for the silver arrow or tankard of plate with the humble bowman as for the crown from the hands of beauty, with the chivalrous noble, or knight of the tourney.

The king of England was never long at peace, and before one truce was ended he was giving occasion for another. The expense of these continued wars was the only check to Richard's martial ardor; he was ever ready with his fire, but not always supplied with the necessary ammunition. His frequent expeditions into Normandy were the source of an immense expenditure of money, which was chiefly derived from taxes upon his English subjects, par-

ticularly the citizens of London. The taxation now became so frequent and burdensome that the worthy citizens first remonstrated, then openly resisted. They found in William Fitzosbert, called also Longbeard, (from not shaving, contrary to the custom of the Commoners,) a fit leader for the popular cause. He was a citizen of London, and prided himself upon his true Saxon descent, and was beloved by the common people as a representative of the truly national race to which they belonged, and among whom a hatred of their Norman conquerors still rankled. To these claims from his origin to the sympathies of the people he added those personal qualities which endear a man to the popular heart. He was a person of great strength and activity, and of undaunted courage. He was a fluent haranguer, and was skillful in his appeals to the passions and active energies of the people. So closely had he attached himself to the affections of the lower classes, that they termed him the "King of the Poor."

Fitzosbert now became a power in the land, and he accordingly determined to seek redress for the wrongs of the people. The king being in Normandy, Fitzosbert went over to lay his complaints before him. Richard received him with a consideration that was due to his position as the chosen champion of the English people, and promised redress. Nothing, however, was done, and Fitzosbert prepared to obtain by compulsion what he could not acquire by favor.

All he asked in behalf of the suffering people was, that they should not be unequally taxed for the wars which the king and his Norman barons were constantly waging for their own glory or in consequence of their personal quarrels. The burden of the taxation had fallen almost entirely upon the hard-working citizens of London and the burgesses of the towns. Fitzosbert and his followers did not demand, as they might well have done, a cessation of these absurd wars and a complete relief from the prodigal waste of the revenues of England, but only the common justice of not being disproportionately oppressed.

On the return of Fitzosbert to England, he organized his followers in secret political associations, and fifty-two thousand men are said to have been thus enrolled. They pledged themselves to implicit obedience to their leader, and he now became so confident in his cause and his power to sustain it, that he openly addressed the people of London, who daily gathered in crowds at St. Paul's Cross to listen to the fervid appeals of the eloquent advocate of the popular cause. The wealthy citizens, as usual, were the first to take alarm. They feared for their strong-boxes, and the very marks in their money-bags began to shake with fright. They had favored the cause when there was a promise of its being gained without expense, and of its adding to the balance in their favor in the ledger. Now, however, things looked dangerous, the beggarly people, who had every thing

excited, would be under no check, but run wildly into riot, were gaining an ascendancy full of risk to property. Nothing would be secure from their unbridled license, and the wealth of the citizens being nearest at hand would be first plundered. This matter had gone far enough, and it must now be frowned down by the respectable and those who had great interests at stake in the country. Thus reasoned these worthy citizens as they trembled in incubation over heaps of money, and casting their eager eyes upon bolts and locks, and turning their quick ears to every stir without, whispered, tremulously, that they "hoped the mob might be put down."

Fitzosbert was cited now to appear before a council, to answer the heinous charge of having inflamed the poor and the middle classes with the *love of liberty and happiness*. He did not resist the summons, but presented himself at once with such a formidable array of followers, that it was not considered prudent to proceed with the trial at present, so the "King of the Poor" was borne off in triumph by the mob.

It was now attempted by the authorities to gain over the people to the cause of order, and by promises and liberal largesses, they so far succeeded as to induce many of the poorest to pledge their children as hostages for their good conduct. This deprived Fitzosbert of much of his popular support. Some of the wealthy citizens, eager to make favor with the king, volunteered their services and promised to

deliver up the favorite of the people. They could not venture to attack him openly, for he was yet too formidable, notwithstanding the disaffection of many of his followers, to be touched otherwise than with the utmost caution. A wealthy citizen, called Geoffrey, and another whose name has not escaped the oblivion of centuries, undertook to capture Fitzosbert. They accordingly went about constantly throughout London, followed by an armed band of men, sworn to obedience, and hunted their victim through every nook and corner of the city. They at last espied him in the street, with only nine men in his company, and set upon him with their large force. Fitzosbert struggled desperately, and drawing his long knife, plunged it in the heart of Geoffrey, who was foremost in the attack, and then with his brave followers fought his way to the sanctuary of a neighboring church. Driven from the altar, these desperate fellows took refuge in the tower, where they made a successful resistance against a crowd of blood-thirsty persecutors. Unable to oust them from their position, it was suggested by one of the crowd that fire should be tried, and accordingly the tower was soon in a blaze, and Fitzosbert and his comrades thus driven out. As they issued from the burning building they were seized and bound. A son of that Geoffrey who had fallen in the first attempt to seize the popular hero took the opportunity, when his enemy was helpless, of striking a vindictive blow,

and plunged his sword deep into the bowels of the unfortunate captive. Fitzosbert, with his entrails protruding and his blood flowing copiously, was then dragged at the tail of a horse to the London Tower, and being there confronted by the Regent of the kingdom, was charged with treason and condemned to be hung. He then, with his companions, was taken to the gallows and hung, as a terror to all lovers of the people and friends of liberty. Thus died Fitzosbert, one of the earliest martyrs to the cause of freedom.

CHAPTER XII.

THE state of England and Normandy gave full occupation to the busy activities of Richard's energy. Had not the mind of the king been fully engaged in reconciling his English people to the oppressive burdens which the expense of endless war imposed upon them, and his arm in striking blow upon blow in defence of his Norman subjects and dominions, there can be little doubt that he would have again sought in the Holy Land, amid the former scenes of his glory, a wider field for his ambition and a greater triumph for his fame. Notwithstanding the truce which had been agreed upon for three years, the Crusade had again begun in little more than twelve months after the departure of the king of England from Acre.

The immediate cause of this renewal of hostilities between the Christian and the Turk was the death of the great Saladin. This remarkable prince died at Damascus, leaving behind him a fame that is not surpassed by that of any hero, heathen or Christian. As a warrior, if judged according to the science of our day, he was unequalled by any of his cotemporaries. In the conduct of a long war, where the

capacious head has to devise and guide, as well as the strong arm to strike, he showed himself a consummate general. In the impetuous onset, in the hand-to-hand struggle, which was the usual kind of warfare of the day, he was surpassed by the great Richard, whose impetuous courage, sustained by unequalled physical strength and vigor, made him supreme. In a later age, with a different system of tactics, where the fate of the battle does not depend upon the ferocity or the muscle of a leader, Saladin would undoubtedly deserve the highest rank. This great Turk was no less in advance of his age, in the humanity than in the science of war. He showed a moderation, a generous disinterestedness in his conduct toward an enemy, which was as much in accordance with the holy spirit of Christianity as it contrasted with the ferocity of the Christian warrior.

As a king, while in the enjoyment of peace, he proved himself a great ruler and a benefactor of his people. He established wise laws and administered them justly. He improved the resources of his country by the construction of works of public utility, and added to the happiness of his countrymen by increasing their sources of pleasure. He built the fortresses of Cairo, and adorned the city with palaces. He established a hospital and laid out magnificent gardens. He founded an academy and established a granary abounding with plenty. Personally he was brave and generous; he never shunned danger to

save himself, and eagerly sought occasion to benefit others. He courageously resisted the whole order of Assassins, whose secret blow frightened all but Saladin into the silence and unresisting acquiescence of fear. He dared their deadly enmity, and seemed to bear a life protected by a superior power against those demons of darkness. He was attacked three times during his career, and although wounded survived. On one occasion, during the siege of Aleppo, an Assassin, who was disguised as one of his attendants, wounded him in the head, but Saladin, not much harmed, drew his sword and slew him on the instant. Another sprung to finish the dead man's office, but the guards were before him and struck him down, and immediately a third rushed forward, but met with the same fate as his brethren.

When Saladin became Sultan the treasury of Cairo came into his possession. This treasury was the accumulation of two centuries, and its contents had been gathered from Africa, Egypt, Palestine, and Arabia. It contained seven hundred pearls of immense size, an emerald of a span long and an inch in thickness, enormous heaps of gold coin, and bars of gold and silver bullion, and stores of translucent amber, and the aromatic gums of oriental lands. In addition to this wealth there was a library, said to contain 2,600,000 books, enriched by all the learning of the wise men of the East. These facts are stated by Von Hammer on the authority of an Arabic his-

an. Saladin generously distributed some of this treasure among his people, and wisely appropriated the rest for the expenses of his administration, and the construction of canals, aqueducts, and other works of public utility.

The last words of Saladin were in character with this great man's life. They were in contempt of mere worldly renown and in honor of heavenly charity. As he was about dying he ordered that liberal supplies of money should be distributed among the poor, without distinction of Jew, Christian or Mahometan; and with his last breath he enjoined upon his followers to bear his winding-sheet as a standard throughout Cairo, while the heralds, going before, should shout aloud, "*This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the East.*"

Saladin committed a great error as a statesman in the distribution of his dominions equally among his twelve children. His sense of justice as a father got the better of his policy as a king. This dismemberment was fatal to the Saracen power, and accordingly was resisted by the wisest of the Turkish chiefs. They declared for Saphadin, the brother of the late Sultan, who had shown himself by his valor and discretion worthy to succeed him. The adherents of the twelve princes resisted this usurpation, and a civil war, with the usual concomitants of disorder and weakness, ensued. The Christian potentates of

Europe thought this a favorable opportunity, in spite of the truce, to strike a blow for the holy cause, and accordingly the Germans and Italians, under the sanction of the Pope and all Christendom, invaded Palestine.

Philip of Champagne, then the nominal emperor of Jerusalem, the nephew of Richard and brave comrade of his uncle in the Crusade, prepared to lead his own forces, strengthened by the allies, into this new struggle for the prize of the Holy Sepulchre; but as he was proudly reviewing his troops on their march out of the citadel of Acre, the balcony on which he stood gave way, and he was killed on the spot. This was a severe blow to Richard, who loved him with great affection, and looked to him as the chief hope of the Christian cause in the Holy Land.

France and England bore no part in this fresh Crusade. They were too busy with the heathen practice of fighting with each other, to strike a blow for Christianity. After a somewhat protracted truce for such breakers of the peace as Richard and Philip, they were again in hostilities fiercer than ever. They invaded each other's dominions and laid waste the territory with the fire and the sword. The king of England was, as usual, victorious in almost every engagement with his enemy. The last victory which we have to record of the many, which form an aggregate of successful warfare that the bloody annals of few great leaders can equal, took place on a plain

near Gisors. The field was clear, the forces were well matched in strength and numbers. Richard led his English and Normans, and Philip his French. They met with a seeming resolve to settle by this well-balanced engagement the long-contested claims of superiority. Both kings were early in the encounter, urging on their followers by spirited appeals and brave example. Richard's towering height was seen as ever in the thickest of the fight, and the might of his blow felt and recorded by the heaps of the dead wherever it fell. Philip, too, showed no lack of spirit and personal daring. The result seemed uncertain for several hours, now victory appeared secure to the one, and again to the other, when the lion-hearted king, gathering all his strength and followed by some of his bravest knights, made one of those impetuous onsets, which no enemy had yet resisted, and crushing down the foremost ranks, put the French to flight. As the enemy fled, thronging together in thick confusion, over the river Epte, near Gisors, the bridge gave way and large numbers were precipitated into its depths. King Philip was among them, and was only saved by the devotion of some of his men. His life and liberty were both in imminent hazard. Many were drowned, and among them no less than thirty of the flower of the nobility and knighthood of France, while many hundreds were taken prisoners. Richard in his announcement of the victory stated, "This day I have made the king of France drink

deep of the waters of the Epte." Among his glories of the day it is recorded that the English king had dismounted three knights in one single charge and secured them as captives.

The monarchs seemed sated with blood, and a truce was agreed upon for five years, with a better prospect of a continuance than any that had yet been struck between the belligerents.

Richard had some affairs of his own now to settle. An insurrection of unruly barons summoned him to Aquitaine, where he immediately proceeded, and soon quelled, with his usual vigor, the turbulence of his vassals. The king now seemed to be at rest, with a fair prospect of a happy and quiet termination to his agitated life. But little more than forty years of age, with a constitution of iron, that the campaign in the Holy Land, with its pestilential diseases and its fierce warfare, had, in spite of its rude shocks, left firm, with an energy of will and might of arm, which resistance seemed only to weld to greater tenacity and more enduring power, with a youth early disciplined to arms, and a manhood exercised in constant conflict, Richard stood forth proud in the grandeur of human beauty and strength, a tower of life, which seemed to bid defiance to the insidious approaches of disease, the violence of hostile attack, or even to the might of all-conquering death itself.

The king, however, was not free from the superstition of his day, and his mind was now darkened

by a shadow which seemed to be cast by a cloud, and wouldst event. He would often repeat, in tones of melancholy foreboding, as if tolling his own doom, a weird-like ballad, in which some prophet of woe had foretold that the arrow was being wrought in Limousin which was to speed to the heart of the mighty king the fatal message of death.

An occasion soon offered to arouse Richard from his despondency. One of his barons, Vidomar, viscount of Limoges, had found on his land a large treasure of gold and rich jewels, which some frightened possessor in those disturbed times of violence and plunder had buried. Vidomar refused to give up only a small portion of this lucky prize, while the king claimed the whole on the score of his being the liege lord and the viscount his vassal. Vidomar had deposited the treasure within the strong walls of his Castle of Chaluz, and seemed resolved to defend the gold and the jewels at the hazard of his life. On the approach of Richard, however, the count and his garrison took fright and offered to surrender the castle and its contents, provided their lives were spared. The king would not listen to any terms, but sent word that he should give no quarter and would have castle, treasure, and the life of every man who defended them, and hang each villain who survived the assault upon the battlements of the fortress. As the king, accompanied by Marchadee, the captain of the mercenary troops of Brabant, who were now in

deep pay of Richard, was riding about the walls of
Rualuz, minutely inspecting their structure and seek-
ing for a proper point to make the assault and open a
breach, a youth of the name of Bertrand de Gurdun
recognized Richard, and drawing his bow, and fixing
his aim full upon the king, discharged an arrow,
which pierced deep into his left shoulder. Richard
plucked at the weapon, but its barbed point was so
deeply imbedded, that it resisted this painful en-
deavor. Overcome with the irritating effects of his
useless attempts, and nearly fainting with pain, the
king rode back to his camp.

In the meantime the Brabanters carried the fortress by storm and massacred every man, with the exception of Bertrand, who was taken captive, to be dealt with by the royal justice. On the arrival of Richard within his tent, the surgeons hastened to the royal sufferer and made repeated attempts to extract the arrow. In the course of their rude efforts the weapon broke, leaving its barbed head to rankle in the flesh. So unskilful was the treatment of the barbarous surgery of the day, that the wound soon began to exhibit symptoms of gangrene. The mighty Richard now gave up all hope, and believing his life was fast drawing to a close, he sent for the prisoner Bertrand de Gurdun. As the youth came into his presence, nothing daunted by the fierce look of Richard, whose fiery eye yet glared through the approaching mist of death, the king exclaimed, "Wretch,

what have I ever done to thee that thou shouldst seek my life?" The prisoner boldly answered, "My father and my two brothers thou hast slain with thine own hand, and wouldst have hung myself. Now I am happy that thou diest, for I shall have rid the world of an oppressor. Do thy worst, for I care not for the torture nor the agonies of death." The generous monarch pardoned the spirited youth. "I forgive thee, boy," cried Richard, and then turning to the guards said: "Unloose him and count him out a hundred shillings." The fierce captain of the mercenaries no sooner had the youthful prisoner in his power, than with savage cruelty he first flayed and then hung him.

The stern warrior's last act was one of forgiveness and mercy, which softened the close of his fierce career as the evening vapor tempers the hot rays of the setting summer's sun. Richard died, in great suffering, on the 6th day of April, in the year 1199, at the early age of forty-two. His body was laid by the side of that of his father, the great Henry, in the Abbey of Fontevraud, where the mighty Richard reposed at last — in death.

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